



*'Tis Sweet Variety can please and charm ye;
Pray what can do you Good, if Mirth can harm ye*

T H E
THEATRE of MIRTH:
O R,
F U N A - L A - M O D E.

Containing great Variety of

Diverting JESTS,
Entertaining STORIES,
Pleasing TALES,
Comical BULLS,
Smart REPARTES,
Keen WAGGERIES,
Brilliant BON MOTS,
Quaint SAYINGS,
Queer PUNS,

Wonderful FROLICKS,
Droll NARRATIONS,
Merry ADVENTURES,
Puzzling CONUNDRUMS,
Humourous RIDDLES,
Funny REBUSSES,
Whimsical EPIGRAMS,
Strange EPITAPHS,
Odd LETTERS, &c.

Exhibited upon

The *Great Stage* of the WORLD, by those CHOICE
SPIRITS and DROLL CHARACTERS, who *excite*
Mirth, improve the *Understanding*, and give a
Relish to *Life*.

The Whole being design'd

To banish Sorrow, cheer the Heart, enliven the Coun-
tenance, quicken the Senses, and procure Mirth and
good Humour.

All the World's a Stage.

SHAKESPEAR.

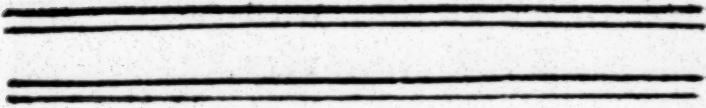
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[Price One Shilling and Six-pence *sew'd*]

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THE
EDITOR
TO THE
PUBLICK.

MY Intention in publishing the following Collection of JESTS, &c. (*many of which were never before printed*) is to present the Publick with a pleasant Companion for
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their leisure Hours; with which they may pass the Time very agreeably in private, and render themselves extremely entertaining in Company.

Mr. POPE us'd to say, *That the Presence of a Friend brightens the Countenance*; and Experience teaches us, 'That the Company of Persons, who are possess'd of Wit, Humour and Decency, diffuse a Chearfulness to Society, which Words are unable to express.

In order to render ourselves pleasing in Conversation, we should only introduce such merry Jest, diverting Tales, &c. as have some Analogy with the present Discourse; for, be they ever so entertaining in themselves, they lose much of their Brilliancy, by an improper Introduction. They should likewise be related in as few Words as possible, and those

those quite to the Purpose ; with a proper Tone of Voice, and expressive Significancy of Countenance : For, by those Means, they are render'd much more agreeable ; and the Person, who so relates them, will be sure of receiving the Applause of the Company.

When we are going to entertain our Friends with a Jest or a Tale, we should consider where the *striking Part* of it lies ; and be convinc'd that it will please, before we venture to tell it. If it contains any Tincture of Indecency, it should not be told before Ladies : And if the Company are dull and ignorant, it were better not to tell it at all ;

*For He that tells a Fool a Tale,
Had need to find him Ears.*

But

But *a Word to the Wise* is sufficient. Permit me now, therefore, to give another Reason for publishing this Book of Jest, Tales, &c. which is, That there might be *one Book of Merriment* that may be introduc'd to a Mixt Company, without putting them out of Countenance.

In this *Theatre*, Wit is exhibited without Obscenity; and the Master or Mistress of a Family may permit their Children or Servants to peruse it, without corrupting their Morals. Nature is here display'd in such a Variety of Characters, that I hope every Person will find it, what I principally intended it should be——*a Pleasant Companion*.——And so adieu: And merry be your Hearts.

A COL-

A
COLLECTION
OF
J E S T S.

A Rich Farmer, who had three Sons and two Daughters, sent his eldest Son to the University. After he had been there about two Years, he paid his Friends a Visit. The usual Ceremonies being over, his Father ask'd him, How he improv'd in Learning, and whether he was fit to live in the World? The Youth reply'd, That he hop'd he had made good Use of his Time, and that the Progress he had

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made

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made therein would be to his Father's Satisfaction. *I hope so too, Boy,* says his Father; *but I'll try you at Dinner whether you are fit to live, or not.* The Farmer order'd a Hare for Dinner; and, when it was put on the Table, said, *Now, Lad, let me see how you will give every one a Part, and yet be able to keep the largest Share for yourself.* Sir, reply'd the Son, *in doing this I hope none will be offended; for I mean only to comply with your Request, and make you all merry.* Offended! says his Father; *no, no, here's none will be offended! Come, come; begin, begin.* The whole Family were at the Table, and the Student began by cutting off the Head of the Hare. He cut it asunder, and very respectfully presented one Part to his Father and the other to his Mother; saying, *at the same Time, You, my honour'd Parents, are the Head of the House, therefore I present the Head to you.* He then cut off the Wings (as they are commonly call'd) of the Hare, and gave one to each Sister; saying, *You, my dear Sisters, will get Husbands, take Wing, and leave our Father's House, therefore the Wings may not improperly be given to you.* After this he cut off the Legs; and, giving one to each of his Brothers, said, *You, my dear Brothers, being both younger than myself, must use your Legs for a Livelihood, and get your Bread by your Industry, therefore the Legs come to*
your

your Share. He then took the Body of the Hare, put it on his Plate, and said, *After the Decease of our honour'd Parents, whom I wish long to live, the Bulk of their Estate comes to me, being their First-born, therefore I have taken the Body of the Hare for myself.* The Farmer was very extravagant in his Son's Praise, and the Company were all in good Humour. He determin'd to try him again at Night, and order'd Half a Dozen Pigeons to be roasted for Supper. When they were brought to Table, Now, Boy, says he, *how will you contrive to give every one Something, and keep the most for yourself, as you did at Dinner? Why, Sir,* says the Scholar, *as that was done by Division, this must be done by the Rule of Three.* He then took two Pigeons, put one on his Father's Plate, and the other on his Mother's, and said, *You, my honour'd Father and Mother, are one; so you, and these two Pigeons, make Three.* When he had said this, he took one of the Pigeons, cut it asunder, and gave the two Parts to his Sisters, saying; *You, my dear Sisters, are two: Therefore you two, and this Pigeon, are Three.* He then took another Pigeon, cut it in two Parts, and gave Half of it to each of his Brothers, telling them, *They two, and that Pigeon, made Three.* And now, says he, *there are two Pigeons left. These two I'll take for my Share; because I, and these two, make Three.* The Farmer was

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in Raptures at his Son's Wisdom, and cry'd out, in an Extacy, *Ab! he's a rare Boy! I'll warrant me, he'll live on any Ground in England.*

A *Spanish* Earl was a great Swearer, and hunting one Day in a Forest, and having lost his Company, ranging up and down in the Dark, chanced to fall Horse and all into a very deep Pit, where he remained all that Night, not forgetting in the mean Time to bethink himself of a many good Thoughts; and namely, among the rest, he was right penitent of his Sin in Swearing; vowing, that if he ever got out of that Pickle, he would never, whilst he liv'd, swear more. By Chance his Spaniel being with him when he fell, would not depart from the Place, but there remained bawling and howling all the while, 'till at last certain Passengers travelling that Way the next Morning, and over-hearing the Dog's piteous Clamour, made to the Place, and there looking down into the Pit, espy'd the Earl. With such Tackle as they had about them they drew him up, and set him on firm Ground. Then he looking down into the Hole, to see how deeply he had fallen, and seeing it very deep, said, *Gad's Nouns, is this a fit Place for a Nobleman to fall into!*

One telling a virtuous Gentlewoman, *That her Picture was broken.* She answered, *Then is but the Shadow of a Shadow gone.*

One

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One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, told him, *His Bookseller was properly his Upholsterer; for he furnished his Room, rather than his Head.*

A Gentleman coming by *Maidstone* Goal, seeing an old Acquaintance of his there, said, *How now, Tom, how comest thou here? Faith,* said he, *a blind Man might have found the Way hither, for I was led between two; and they would suffer me to go no other Way.*

A Tradesman newly made Mayor of a little Town in the North, meeting with an old Acquaintance while he was mending his Hedge, who spoke to him, and by Accident kept his Hat off, imagined it was done out of Respect to his new Dignity; upon which, bridling and composing his Muscles with great Gravity, he said, *Put on your Hat, Sir, put on your Hat; I am still but a Man!*

A Gentleman in a Coffee-House hearing a Coward speaking it stoutly in Favour of Courage, said, *It put him in Mind of what he had once seen at a Show, a Hare beating a Drum.*

One told another, who was not used to be cloathed often, that his new Coat was too short for him. *That's true,* said he, *but it will be long enough before I get another.*

A certain Lord had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain that was a tolerable Poet, whom his Lordship desired to write a

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Copy of Verses upon a Shrew. *I can't imagine, said the Chaplain, why your Lordship should want a Copy, who have so good an Original.*

An arch Wag said, Taylors were like Woodcocks, for they got their Subsistence by their long Bills.

A Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry, which caused his Wife to watch carefully the Time of his coming Home, and always to have Dinner ready on the Table. One Day he surprized her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him. He, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maunder over it, forgetting what he was about, and burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. His Wife, seeing him in that Condition, comforts him in the following Manner: *See how it is now; had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.*

A Gentleman and his Servant in a cold frosty Morning riding through a River together, the Gentleman's Horse stumbled, and threw him into the Water, and soon after fell to drinking: At which the Man laughed heartily. *Sirrah,* said the Master, *do you laugh at me?* No, Sir, says the Servant, *I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your Horse can't drink without a Toast this cold Morning.*

A Country

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A Country Fellow, just come up to *London*, and peeping into every Shop he passed by, at last looked into a Scrivener's; where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what was sold there, and calling to the Clerk, said, *Pray, Sir, what do you sell?* *Loggerheads*, cry'd the other. *Do you so?* answered the Countryman; *egad! you have a fine Trade then, for you have but one left.*

A Beggar, addressing himself to an old Miser, used these Words; *Dear Sir, bestow your Charity.* To which the Usurer replied, *I have it not.* *Ab!* quoth the Beggar, *the more Shame for you, to have so much Money and no Charity.*

A Gentleman riding down a steep Hill, and being afraid the Foot of it was boggyish, called out to a Clown that was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the Bottom. The Fellow replied, *Ay, ay, 'tis very hard at the Bottom, I'll warrant you!* Which encouraged the Gentleman to ride confidently down the Hill; but in six or seven Yards stepping, his Horse sunk up to the Belly in a Bog, which made the Gentleman kick and whip, and curse and swear at the Fellow, who was still within hearing; and to whom he called out, *You Country Rogue, didn't you tell me 'twas hard at the Bottom?* The Ditcher answered, *Yes I did, and so it is, Sir; but you are not at the Bottom yet by a Mile.*

A very

A very impudent Fellow used to go so often to a Gentleman's House to Dinner, that they grew weary of him, insomuch that the Gentleman seeing him coming, bid the Servant put back his Dinner. The Fellow staying there some Time, asked one of the Servants what Time Dinner would come up? *Truly, Sir,* says the Servant, *not 'till you are gone, so it is but Folly for you to stay here.*

A Gentleman called for some Beer at a Friend's Table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the Servant without drinking. *What!* says the Master of the House, *don't you like the Beer?* *it is not to be found Fault with.* No, answered the other, *we should never speak ill of the Dead.*

A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but Forty, and called a Gentleman who was in Company, to deliver his Opinion. *Cousin,* says she, *do you believe I am right, when I say I am but Forty?* *I'm sure,* Madam, said he, *I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten Years.*

Two Scholars passing by a Windmill, stood for some Time viewing it; the Miller looking out of a little Wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at? *Why,* says one of them, *we are looking at this Thing; I pray, what is it?* *Why,* says the Miller, *don't*

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don't you see? Where are your Eyes? It is a Windmill. We crave your Mercy, Sir, say the Scholars, we took it for a Goat, seeing a Thief look out of the Window.

One asked an aged Man, *How it chanced that, being of those Years, he continued so fat withal.* He answer'd, *Never was I yet a Husband or a Servant.*

A Gentlewoman commending a Gentleman to his Face, and saying, *That he was a goodly big Man.* He answer'd, *All that is Great is not Good, but all that is Good is Great.*

One seeing a big fat Gentleman and a lean Gentlewoman standing together, said, *Behold Shrove-tide and Lent.*

The Duke of *Medina* having a crook'd-back Lady to his Wife, ask'd his Jester on a Time *What he thought of his stately new Hall at Madredejos?* The Jester answered, *A stately Hall indeed, my Lord, yet cannot my Lady stand upright therein.*

A Captain discharging a lame Soldier out of his Band, the Soldier, angry thereat, said unto him, *The War needs no Men that can run away, but such as can bide by it.*

One forgot to give his little Child Meat at Dinner, whereupon the Child pray'd him to give him some Salt. *Salt,* said the Father, *and wherefore Salt, my Boy? Marry, Father,*

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Father, answered he, for the Meat you are to give me.

A School-master, whose Name was *Salter*, read *Terence* to his Scholars in a Country Parish; and a Man and his Wife were at Odds about their Pottage at Dinner-time, he finding Fault that they were too salt, and she affirming that they were too fresh. At last the Man said to his Son there at Dinner with them, *Tell me, Jack, how sayest thou? are these Pottage fresh or salt?* The Boy answered, *They may very well read Terence, Father.*

One that took upon him much Gentry, and was no Gentleman, his little Sons were a tumbling in a Heap of Straw in the Street; which a Gentleman, a Neighbour of his, seeing out at his Window, said unto his Wife, *'Twere a good Deed yonder unlucky Ones were whipp'd: See how they tumble and bedust themselves in the Straw.* She answered, *No, let them alone, for it fair betokens their Descent.*

One said to his Acquaintance, *I greatly wonder that you are no richer, because I know you may spend Eight Shillings a Day though you don't spend above Two.* The other answered, *Two I pay, Two I lend, Two I spend, and Two I lose. The Two I pay, are those I allow my poor Father and Mother toward their Maintenance. The Two I lend, are those I allow*

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allow for my Son's Education in the University, which I hope he will one Day repay me again (if I live so long) as now I do unto my Father. The Two I spend, are upon myself, my Wife, and Family. The Two I lose, are those my Wife spends every Day in Toys and Baubles upon herself, which I never look for more.

One that had a white Head and a black Beard, was ask'd, *How it came to pass?* He answered, *Marry, the Hair of my Head is twenty Years older than my Beard.*

An old Gentleman used to say, *That three Things were increas'd unto him by old Age, viz. To see more, to do more, and command more. To see more, by Reason he was fain to use Spectacles to make his Letters seem the greater. To do more, in that alighting off his Horse, he was ready to draw the Saddle after him. To command more, for that he was fain to speak twenty Times, before he could get his Men to stir.*

An old Man, viewing himself in a Looking-glass, all wrinkled and hoary, his Eyes deep sunk into his Head, and his Cheeks also for want of Teeth, said, *Lord, to see the Difference of Looking-glasses! I remember, when I was a young Man, I took Pleasure to view myself in a Glass, so well were they made in those Days.*

An

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An exceeding tall Man presenting his Service to a great Prince, the Prince began to admire at his Hugeness; and he, to make himself less monstrous, said, *And please you, Sir, I have a Brother who doth far exceed me in every Proportion. What, said the Prince, had you a Giant to your Father?*

A very little Gentleman riding on the Way, out-rid his Men a considerable Way. They meeting with a Traveller, ask'd him, *Whether he met not such a Gentleman before?* He answer'd, *Not any; only I met, some half Mile hence, a Horse that carried a Hat upon the Saddle-Pommel, and a Boot hanging down on either Side.*

A little Courtier ran best at Tilt before the Emperor Charles, and the Wags of the Court said, *That the paltry Ape did best.*

One seeing a Dwarf in the Street of forty-four Years old, said, *If he be as long a going from a Man as he is a growing to a Man, out of Doubt the Ape will never die.*

A little pretty Soldier dismounted his Foe, and said, *Now yield, or die.* The other looked round about him, and answered, *I see not to whom.*

One being ask'd, *Why he married so little a Wife?* He answered, *of Evils, the least is best.*

Of one that was a very tall big Man, another said, *He was good to make a Porter; because*
if

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if he should chance to find the Door shut below, he might discharge his Pack in at the Garret Window.

A tall personable Man offered to accompany a Dwarf in the Street; saying, *That the People would the less gaze and wonder at his miserable Littleness.* The Dwarf answered, *Rather will they wonder at my Folly, to see me lead an Ass along by me and not ride.*

A Gentlewoman that had two Sweethearts, the one call'd Spot, the other Fuller. One merrily said of her, *Having a Fuller, I wonder she can have any Spot.*

A Father coming to see his Son drest of a Wound in the Face, said, *It would not have griev'd me Half so much if it had been in the Arm, or in the Leg, or in any other Place but there.* The Son answered, *Oh! Father, Receivers are no Chusers.*

One ask'd his Friend whether his Brother were yet alive? He answered, *No, nothing lively, but a very Lubber.*

A Madman rush'd into a Chamber with a drawn Sword, and finding one there a Bed would have slain him; saying, *Villain, were it not valiantly done to strike off thy Knave's Head at one Blow.* The other answered, *Tut, Sir, that's nothing with your Worship to do, you can as easy strike off two Heads at one Blow as one; wherefore, if you please,*
C I'll

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I'll go down and call up another, that you may strike off both our Heads at once. The Madman believed him, and by that Artifice he got away.

A Nobleman called a Doctor errant Knave; and the Doctor answered, *Good, my Lord, I would be loth to be so errant a Knave as your Lordship* (hereat he made a Pause as feigning to spit, and then proceeded) *takes me to be.*

One saying to his Friend, *Faith, having so much Interest in such a Gentleman as you have, methinks you might easily bridle his Passions.* He answered, *I am no Horse-courser.*

A Clown having surfeited of Beef, and being therewith extream sick, vow'd never whilst he liv'd to eat Beef more, if he might escape for that once. Shortly after, having his perfect Health again, he would needs have eaten Beef; and his Sister putting him in Mind of his Vow, he answer'd, *True, Sister, not without Mustard; I grant you, not without Mustard.*

A poor Carpenter, yet a good Workman, was employed in building of a Bridge, wherein he became so good a Gainer, that it set him up for ever; and in one of the main Posts thereof he had engraven these Words, *Sanchio Rodriguez made this Bridge.* Another came after, and wrote underneath with a Coal, *This Bridge made Sanchio Rodriguez.*

One

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One called another Fool; who answer'd, *Indeed, so may I seem, because I speak in such Sort as you may understand me.*

One chiding his Son for lying long a Bed in the Mornings, told him, *That Such-a-one, with rising early in a Morning, chanced to find a Bag of Gold.* The Son answered, *Too early rose he, Father, that lost it*

One seeing an old Petty-fogger in the Street, writing down a Memorandum in his Note-Book, said unto him, *Why how now, Grand-fire, what a Scribbling make you there?* He answered, *I register such Knaves as you.*

A Gentleman, not the best favour'd, came early in a cold Winter's Morning to visit a Gentlewoman; and by Reason the Frost had sore nipt his Nose, and somewhat bluely disfigured it, she said unto him, *Lord, Sir, how ill-favour'dly you look this Morning?* He answered, *Faith, Madam, neither of us look very well, when we are at the best.*

A Gentleman entring into a Prison to visit a Friend of his, the Porter, who had a great Scar in his Face, demanded his Weapon. The Gentleman gave it him, saying, *Hold here, Friend, and see thou make much of it, for I assure thee, it is not it that did thee that Disgrace,* pointing to his Face.

A Gentleman saying to a foul-fac'd Fellow, *How like you yonder Maid?* He, seeing her

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her ill-favour'd, answered, *Just as well as your Worship likes me.*

One Hoops was apprehended upon Suspicion of Felony, and two very big Men came to bail him. The Justice, being thick of Hearing, ask'd an Officer what they said? Who answered, *Marry, Sir, these Tubs are come for Hoops.*

A short, thick Justice, going in Circuit, a plain Countryman came to him, and said, *I humbly beseech your Highness to do me Justice.* He answered, thou hadst said better, *My Bigness, for thou seest I am not very high.*

A Man complained to a Captain how certain of his Soldiers had robbed him of all that ever he had: Whereunto the Captain, answered, *Tell me, Friend, wore you that Doublet when they robb'd you?* He answer'd, *Yes.* Then get you gone, said the Captain, *for well I wot had they been my Soldiers, they would have left you never a Rag to your Back.*

A Gentleman's Man was a great Drunkard, and falling off a Ladder broke his Nose, so that he was fain to wear a Plaister thereon, so large that it covered his Nose all over; which his Master seeing, asked him how it came to pass? One of his Fellows then standing by, answered, *And like your Worship, he is fain to case his Nose, as you see, for fear of running it against Taverns.*

A Drunkard

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A Drunkard passing over a Bridge, his Eyes so glar'd that he thought they were two Bridges, and stepping upon the wrong Bridge, down he tumbled in the Brook; where, drinking his Bellyful of Water, he remained, saying, *No more now Hostess, no more now.*

One put a Frog into a *Dutchman's* Pot, and he drinking swallowed it clean down. Being asked whether he felt not any Thing in his Draught? he answered, *No, nothing but a little Mote.*

One had a Nose like a Bunch of Grapes, and, passing along the Street, two Women met him, and seeing such a Nose stood still awhile and gazed thereupon. He asking them why they stood still, and went not about their Business? they answered, *Because your Nose stands in our Way.* With that he wry'd his Nose aside with his Finger, and said, *On, ye Strumpets; for behold, now Way is made for ye.*

One that had a mighty Nose and a very thin Beard, another commented thereupon; saying, *That the Shadow of his Nose hinder'd the Growth of his Beard, as doth the Shadow of the Dock the growing up of the Nettle.*

In *Spain* it is a Law, all Swords and Rapiers to be of one Length. A huge-nos'd Constable took one with a Rapier above the allow'd Measure, and took it from him, caused it to be cut shorter, and then delivered it him again; saying,

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Know ye now from henceforth, that the Law allows all too much to be diminished. The other answered, *Diminish then your Nose.*

A proud Parson and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, in a new Coat. The Parson ask'd him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat? *The same People*, said the Shepherd, *that cloath you; the Parish.* The Parson, nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and sent his Man back to ask the Shepherd, if he would come and live with him? for he wanted a Fool. The Man went to the Shepherd accordingly, and deliver'd his Master's Message, concluding thereby that his Master really wanted a Fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the Shepherd. *No*, answered the other. *Then you may tell your Master*, replied the Shepherd, *his Living won't maintain three of us.*

A Country Bumkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan, and bargain'd with the Chairmen to carry him to the Place he nam'd. The Chairmen, observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Dress, privately took out the Bottom of the Chair, and then put him into it; so that, when they took it up, his Feet were upon the Ground; and as the Chairmen advanc'd, so did he. To add to their Diversion, if they saw any Place dirtier than ordinary,

dinary, they chose to go through it. The Countryman, believing that others used to be carried, or driven in the same Manner, when he came to his Lodgings, paid them their Fare. Returning into the Country, he told them what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and amongst the rest, that he had been carried in a Sedan. A Sedan! says one, what is that? *Why*, replied he, *like our Watch-house, only it is cover'd with Leather; but were it not for the Name of riding in a Sedan, one might e'en as well walk on Foot.*

A young Fellow, who fancied himself possess'd of Talents sufficient to cut a Figure on the Stage, offer'd himself to Mr. *Rich*; who, according to Custom, was to speak before Mr. *Quin*. Just as he began to rant forth a Tragedy Speech, a Dog that was running about the Stage at the same Time, set up a terrible Howl: Upon which, *Quin* ask'd whose Dog that was? and being inform'd, he cried out, *He's a Dog of Judgment, by Jove*—and walked off, without staying to hear the Speech out.

A *Flemish* Tyler, in *Flanders*, accidentally fell from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, and kill'd him, though he escaped himself. The next of Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler; and, when offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Hereupon the Judge said to him,

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him, if he did insist upon that Sentence, *he should go up to the Top of the same House, and fall down from thence upon the Tyler.*

A Gentleman, telling a Lady that a certain Apothecary of her Acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up Shop; she enquired the Cause. To which the Gentleman replied, he was so honest a Man, that instead of loading his Patients with Medicines, as is too common a Practice, he advised them to take the wholesome Air, and of Course lost the Profit arising from the Sale of his Drugs. *Poor Man!* says she, *it is plain he could not live by the Air, though his Patients could.*

When Q——n lodg'd in the Country, he turn'd his Horse to Grass and lost him; making an Enquiry after him, he ask'd a Country Fellow if they had any Thieves among them, for his Horse was stolen? No, says the Clown, *we be all honest Folks here; but they say, there is one Q——n, I think they call him, a Strolling-Player from London, mayhap he may have stolen him.*

One telling another, he had once so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the House, although it was not charg'd. *How the Devil can that be?* says the other. *Because,* said he, *the Thieves carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had Time to charge them with it.*

Hippisley.

Hippisley, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith, Sir*, said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long Run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

Some Gentlemen the other Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said, He believed he was of a more ancient Family than any of them, and could trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King *Lud*. *Ah!* says one of them, *how do you make that out? Why, Sir*, said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of Fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

A Citizen invited some of his Neighbours to a Feast. His Son handing a Glass of Wine to a Gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his Band; and, for his Carelessness, his Father took him a Box on the Ear. The Son, having recovered himself, gave the next Man a good Box. Being ask'd the Reason, said, *Come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my Father anon, for I dare not strike him myself.*

A Gentleman sent for his Carpenter's Servant, to drive a Nail or two in his Study; after the Fellow had done, he scratched his Ears, and said, he hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink!*

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drink! says the Gentleman, *there's a pickled Herring for you; if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was very subject to catch Cold in his Feet; another, not over-loaded with Sense, told him, that might be easily prevented, if he would follow his Directions. *I always get,* said he, *a thin Piece of Lead, cut of an India Chest, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose.* Then, Sir, says the other, *you are like a Rope-Dancer's Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

Two Gentlemen, the one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an Owl; says the last, *That Bird is very like a Woodcock.* You are wrong, says the other, *for it is Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over.*

The Man at the *Black Colt*, near *Baliol* College, having lost his Sign, was asked what was become of his Horse? who sorrowfully answered, He is run away. *Troth*, said the other, *it is no Wonder, for you let him stand Night and Day, without Bridle or Halter.*

A Man went to Market one *Saturday*, and bought a Gander two and twenty Years old. When his Wife went to dress it the next Day, she told him, *It was old in Years.* Upon my Credit, Wife, I believe you are mistaken, said he; for the Farmer, who is a very honest Man, assured

assured me over and over, it had never laid an Egg.

A Gentlewoman having a small Cask of Vinegar sent her to pickle some Walnuts for a Friend, locked it up, and lost the Key. Her Husband often importuned her to break open the Door ; but she, hoping sometime to find the Key again, refused, and demanded his Reason for being so pressing ; who answered her in this Manner, *It is only my Care, Love, lest the Vinegar should turn sour with keeping so long.*

Two Oxonians being out a Shooting, and coming homewards after Dark, over a little Foot-Bridge, one of them kept rather too much on the Starboard Side and tumbled over-board. *Heigh!* said the other, *where are you now, Jack?* *Z——ds,* said Jack, *I'm on the wrong Side of the Hedge. I don't know as to that,* said his Companion, *but I find you are on the right Side of the Bridge.*

One dirty Day a Gentleman and his Son going to Church together, the Father very carefully picked his Way, and his Son as carefully trod the same Ground. *Why do you go so awkwardly, Peter?* says the Gentleman to his Son. Who replied, *You are reckoned a good Man, Father, and I am willing to walk in your Steps.*

A fly Wag had a Watch that would not go at all, and being in Company with one at a
Coffee-

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Coffee-House, who boasted much of the Truth and Excellence of his Time-teller, averring that it would not lose or get a Minute in a Month. It was objected to by the former as something impossible, from whence they went to wagering; and at length this Wager was laid, that the first Man's Watch went as well as the other. To prove this, they agreed to set their Watches by the Coffee House Dial, it being then Twelve o'Clock, and give them both to the Landlord to lock up 'till Twelve o'Clock next Day. At the Time appointed the Watches were both produced, and that which would not go a Stroke, stood exactly at Twelve, where it was set; but the other wanted two Minutes, and lost the Plate.

An ill-natured Woman, who would have all the Talk to herself, bid her Doctor (who strove now and then to put in a Word) be *patient*, and hear her. *It is not my Place to be patient, Madam*, said the Physician, *you are the Patient, and I am the Doctor.*

A Gentleman arrested for a large Sum, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship to him, to beg he would be his Bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do; you may get Somebody else, if you can.*

Mr.

Mr. *Amner*, going through a Street in *Wind-
for*, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs
Window, and cry'd, *There goes Mr. Amner,
that makes so many Bulls!* He hearing them,
look'd back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you
well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you
down Stairs.*

Two Gentlemen, one nam'd *Chambers*, the
other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn* together; says
the First, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it
had but a Garret. You Fool!* says *Garrer*,
don't you know there must be Chambers first?

A Beggar asking *Moliere* for Alms, he gave
him, through Absence of Mind or Mistake, for
a less valuable Piece, a *Lewis d'Or*. The poor
Fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him, and
told him of it; upon which *Moliere* returned
it to him, with another *Lewis d'Or*, as a Re-
ward for his Honesty, exclaiming, *Oh! what
a Lodging Virtue has taken up with there!*

A Gentleman being at Church, had his Pocket
picked of his Watch, and complaining of it to
a Friend of his. He replied, had you watched
as well as prayed, your Watch had been secure:
But the next Watch you carry about you, re-
member these Lines;

*He that a Watch wou'd wear, this he must do,
Pocket his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

A certain Couple going to *Dunmow* in *Essex*,
to demand the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be

D

given

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given to every married Couple, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain, in a Year and a Day; the Steward, ready to deliver it, ask'd where they would put it? The Husband produced a Bag, and told him in that: *That*, says the Steward, *is not Half big enough.* So I told my Wife, answered the good Man, *and I believe we have had an hundred Words about it.* Aye! said the Steward, *then I must again hang up the Bacon.*

An ill-natur'd old Gentleman order'd his Servant to go a long Way, on a trifling Errand, one rainy Night. The Fellow mutter'd and grumbled, and wanted to defer the Journey 'till the Morning. *Pox take the Puppy!* says the old Gentleman, *what do you grumble at! don't I feed you?* No, replies the Fellow. *Why who does?* says his Master. *The House-keeper buys the Victuals,* says his Man, *and I feed myself.*

An Irishman having a Looking-Glass in his Hand shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my Shoul,* says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

An Oxford Scholar, being at Cambridge ten Days together, they kept him drinking all Night, that he could never rise before Dinner. Being ask'd how he liked the Place? he said, *Well enough,*

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enough, but the worst of it is there is no Forenoon in it.

Two *Irishmen* had been to a Feast, and had got very tipsy. On their returning Home one of them mistook his Way, and fell into a Ditch. The other, hearing his Companion fall, said, *Arrah, Joy, where are you! If you are dead, speak.* No, Patrick, said he that was fallen into the Ditch, *I am not dead, but I am quite speechless.*

A *Scotch* Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, open'd his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, 'till his Provision was all gone: At length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me, said Sawny, an I had keen'd you lov'd Music so, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed. When he return'd, his Friends ask'd what Exploits he did there? He answer'd, *That he cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head. *Oh!* says he, *you must know his Head was off before.*

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An *Irishman*, having been oblig'd to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*; when he came back, some of his Companions ask'd how he lik'd *Scotland*? *I will tell you now*, said he, *I was sick all the while I was there*; and if I had liv'd there 'till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he liv'd? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live*; but *I starve down towards Wapping, and that Way*.

A Gentlewoman, who had married a Husband of great Good-nature, but a little deficient in Point of Understanding, was reproached by her Brother-in-Law; who told her, in Derision, that she had coupled herself to a Fool. *So has my Sister*, says she; *for no Man of Sense would endeavour to give any Woman a mean Opinion of her Husband*.

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on, ask'd him the Reason of it. *Because*, says the other, *I will have no Man that comes here drink any longer than he can stand*.

Jemmy Spiller, the Comedian, going one Day through *Rag-Fair*, a Place where they sell Second-hand Goods, cheapened a Leg of Mutton, he saw hang up there, at a Butcher's Stall.

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Stall. The Butcher told him it was a Groat a Pound. *Are not you an unconscionable Fellow,* said Spiller, *to ask such a Price, when one may buy a new one for that in Clare-Market.*

Two riding from *Shipton* to *Burford*, and seeing a Miller jog on softly before them on his Sacks, were resolv'd to abuse him; so they went one on each Side, saying, *Miller, now tell us, which art thou most, Knave or Fool?* Truly, said he, *I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.*

A Gentleman meeting the King's Jester, ask'd what News? *Why, Sir,* reply'd he, *there are Forty Thousand Men risen To-day. I pray, to what End,* said the other, *and what do they intend?* *Why,* said the Jester, *to lay down again at Night.*

A Gentleman, meeting with his Godson, ask'd him whither he was going? *To School,* replies the Boy. *That's well,* said he, *there's Six pence for you, follow thy Learning apace: I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

One of the Ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen Snow 'till he came into *England*, and observing (when it snow'd) that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands; said, *It was no Wonder the English were so fair, since they wash'd themselves in white Rain.*

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One seeing his Son in Mischief, cried out, *Sirrah, did you ever see me do so, when I was a Boy?*

While a Scholar was blowing his Fire, the Nose of his Bellows dropt off: *I see indeed,* says he, *it's cold Weather, for the Nose of the very Bellows drops.*

A Scholar of *Christ Church*, that was whimsical, or as we use to say, that had a *Maggot in his Head*, always complain'd, that when he eat Fish they would *rise in his Stomach*. No Wonder, quoth another, *for they rise and leap after the Maggot in your Head.*

One coming along late one Night, was stopped by the Constable, who ask'd him what he did out so late, and what was his Name: *My Name,* says he, *is Twenty Shillings.* Where do you live, says the Constable? *I live,* says he, *out of the King's Dominions.* So, says the Constable, where have you been? Says he again, *Where you would have been with all your Heart.* It may be so, says the Constable; but where are you going? *Where you dare not go for your Ears.* I do not intend it, says the Constable, *To-night, but you shall go to the Compter.* The next Morning he was brought before a Magistrate, who checked him for answering the Constable so crossly. *Sir,* says he, *it was partly the Truth.* As to the first Question, my Name is Mark Noble. To the Second, I live in Little-Britain.
To.

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To the Third, I had been drinking a Glass of good Sack. And to the last, I was going to Bed to my Wife. So, for the Joke-sake, was dismiss'd without Fees.

A Felon, being burnt in the Hand for his first Offence, one ask'd him some Days after, how he had sped? He answered, *Marry, the whole Matter was referred even to my own handling.*

A Felon being to suffer, a Maid came to the Gallows to beg him for her Husband, according to the Custom of *Spain* in that Case. The People seeing this, said unto the Fellow, *Now praise God, that he hath thus mercifully preserv'd thee; and see thou ever make much on this kind Woman, that so friendly saves thy Life.* With that the Felon viewing her, and seeing a great Scar in her Face, which did greatly disfigure her, a long Nose, thin Lips, and of a sallow Complexion, he said unto the Hangman, *On, my good Friend, and do thy Duty. I'll none of her; a bad Minute is better than a bad Life.*

A Felon that had lost one of his Ears for his former Fact, and was condemn'd the second Time to lose the other, his Hair was so overgrown and hung so wildly about his Face, that the Hangman could not readily find his Ear, and was thereat Half angry: Which the Felon seeing, was no less cholerick, and said

Z—ds;

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Z—ds, Villain, am I bound to find thee Ears every Sessions?

Two Thieves came by Night to rob a Merchant's Shop, and it chanced that a Boy lay there that Night; who, over-hearing their Attempt, said unto them, *Sirs, get you gone and come again anon, for I am not yet asleep.*

An Officer passing along the Street in an Evening, saw three or four Fellows carrying a Chest, and certain loose Plate out of a House, and he asked them whose Goods they were? They answered, *Those of yonder House, where you saw us come out; which we carry to another House, because the good Man there is even now dead of the Plague, and his Household removes forth-with:* Then the Officer asked them, *How it chanced that none of the House stood weeping at the Street-Door?* such being the *Spanish* Manner in that Case. They answered, *I warrant ye, you shall see weeping Eyes enough there To-morrow.* And so he did indeed; for, walking that Way in the Morning, he saw the good Wife weeping at her Door for the Loss of her Plate and other rich Goods, which they had carried away in that Chest.

A Felon at the Bar pleading eagerly in his Defence, and seeing the Judge busy in Talk with one that came and delivered him a Message, said unto him, *I pray, my Lord,*
tend

tend to your Justice, and let that Knave alone 'till another Time: Whereunto the Judge answered, Fear not, Sir Knave, I warrant you, I'll see to you well enough. The Felon reply'd, I had rather you did not see me at all; but, seeing you do, I had rather you saw me less and heard me more.

A Countryman being set upon by a Thief, was so light of Foot that he escaped from him: Which the Thief perceiving, and being quite out of Hopes to overtake him, stood still, and fell extreamly a laughing to himself. The Countryman then turning back, and seeing him so merry, thought haply that he was some old Acquaintance of his grown out of Remembrance, that in Jest had all that while pursu'd him, and in that Conceit came towards him; and still the Thief laugh'd more and more, as seeming his Acquaintance. When he was come quite close to him, suspecting no Danger, the Thief demanded his Purse, and robb'd him of a good round Sum; saying, *If your Wit had been as quick as your Heels, I had never obtain'd this Booty.*

A plain Fellow took up an Ass at Trust of his Neighbour for certain Months, at six Crowns Price. It chanced within that Time the Ass died, and he not being able to pay the Debt, fled the Country and embarked for *India*: Where having remained the Space of seven Years, and being worth two Thousand Crowns, had Thoughts of
returning

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returning Home ; and landing at *Seville*, wrote a Letter from thence to his Wife, declaring both his Return, and his Riches. She, in her Answer thereof, advised him, if he meant to come to her, to do it very privately, *for that the Owner of the aforesaid Ass was yet living.*

A rich Farmer coming to pay his Landlord much Rent, by Chance a Neighbour of his meeting him at the Door ; and, knowing his Business, said unto him, *You enter in like a Banker, but you shall come out like a Bankrupt.*

A Countryman was lopping of a Tree, and down he fell and broke his Neck. The Clown, his Man, straight ran Home, and told his Dame of it ; and, telling her a long Tale, both how he advised him to stand fast, and how dangerously he stood upon the Tree, and how he fell down with the Axe in his Hand ; at last he concluded, *And I assure you, Dame, it was a great Mercy that he cut not himself with the Axe.*

A plain Country Fellow, being to travel Homeward from the Term, and passing along *London Streets*, ask'd of the Shop-men and others whom he met, *Which is the Way to Wakefield ?*

A Gentleman asking a plain Fellow of the Contry, in a rainy Morning, whether he thought it would not prove a fair Day for all that ? *Marry, Sir,* he answered, *that shall I shew you at Night.*

John

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John a Nokes was driving his Cart toward *Croydon*, and by the Way fell asleep therein: Mean time a Thief came by and stole his two Horses, and went quite away with them. In the End he awaking, and missing them, said, *Either I am John a Nokes, or I am not John a Nokes. If I am John a Nokes, then have I lost two Horses; and if I be not John a Nokes, then have I found a Cart.*

A Countryman passing through a Street in *London*, stumbled and his Backside fell to the Ground. A 'Prentice seeing it, fell a laughing, and said, *See, see, Fellow, how fine London is, it brooks no such Clowns as you.* With that the Countryman turn'd back, and answered, *As fine as it is, it bath kiss'd my Tail for this once.*

A Countryman passing along the Street, met with a Carr, and the Horse spying his bouncing Beard, snap'd at it, instead of a Bottle of Hay; upon which the Countryman said, *The Devil take thee; who made thee a Barber?*

A Gentleman's Cook forsook him, and went to serve another Master. The Gentleman meeting him certain Months after attir'd all in Green, said unto him, *Methinks you look very Green now-a-days.* True, Sir, answered the Cook, *for I am sow'd in a good Ground.*

The Duke of *Infantasgo* sent a merry Man of his about important Business, and by Reason of much Rain that fell that Night, a Brook which he

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he was to pass was so swollen that he could go no farther; whereupon he turn'd back again, without dispatching his Lord's Affair. The Duke hereat was all in a Chafe, and sore beknave'd him: Whereunto he answered, *It seems then your Grace sent me rather to dispatch myself, than your Business.*

Sir Thomas Moore's Lady was very curious and neat in her Attire, and, going one Day to Church, she bid her Gentlewoman look whether her Gown-pleats stood even behind, and whether all were well and right about her. Sir Thomas himself then standing by, and noting her Curiosity, and withal her wry Nose, said, *Faith, Wife, there is yet one Fault more than your Maid sees; neither do I well see how it can be alter'd.* She being then very earnest with her Gentlewoman to find it out, and Half out of Patience that she was so long a looking it, at last asked Sir Thomas what Fault it was? He merrily answered, *Your Nose.*

A great toasted Cheese Eater had baited his Trap with Cheese, and another seeing it, said unto him, *What need you bait your Trap with Cheese? Do you but sleep with your Mouth wide open a Nights, and all the Mice in the Chamber will enter thereinto.*

One asking a Sharper's Man, *How it chanced his Breath stunk so sore?* He answered, *With keeping my Master's Council.*

A great

A Collection of JESTS. 49

A great Number of Emmets lay upon a Vineyard, and sore spoil'd the Vines. A Beggar, by Chance coming that Way, and hearing thereof, undertook only for ten Days Victuals to destroy them all: Then made he a little Leather Bag, and sew'd within it a Scroll, as it might seem a Charm, and buried it in the highest Plot of the Vineyard, and so let it lie. At the ten Days End away he got him, and was never seen more of them, glad that he had so well victuall'd himself at a Fool's Charge. At last, the Bag being taken out of the Earth and unript, the Scroll there inclos'd was to this Effect:

You that are hungry, learn ye of me;

For, if you have Wit, you may get Victuals free.

A Constable asked a poor Fellow on the Way, whereof he lived? He answered, *If your Question were whereof I die, I could better resolve you; for I die of Hunger.*

A Gentleman taking his Leave of a Gentlewoman, said, *May it please you to will me any Service?* She answered, *No, I do not yet make my Will.*

One Beast was suspected to have cowardly beaten and bruised a weaponless poor Fellow by Night, and he stoutly denying it before a Justice, a Gentleman that stood by said, *Out of Doubt if a Beast did it not, it was done like a Beast, whoever did it.*

E

Certain

50 *A Collection of JESTS.*

Certain Gentlewomen were eating of a Poffet, and they all commended how good it was. A Gentleman of the Company, for Contradiction sake, said, *No, it is not good*: Whereunto one of the Gentlewomen answered, *You say what it is not, but you do not say what it is.*

A droll Fellow, seeing a Painter forsake his Trade, and commence Physician; said, *Sirrah, could not you be content with defacing human Nature in Effigy, but you must take upon you to destroy the real Flesh and Blood?*

One asked the Marquis of Villena's Jester, what Virtue he thought was in a Turkey Stone? He answered, *Marry, if you should chance to fall from the Top of a high Tower, you might possibly break your Neck, and the Stone have no Hurt.*

The Marquis of Villena willed his Chamberlain to give his Fool *Perico de Ayala* one of his Cloth of Gold Jerkins, and the Chamberlain deliver'd him only the Sleeves and the Skirts of it. The Fool, seeing himself so treated, went straight to a Priest, and told him one was deceased that Night at the Marquis of Villena's, and willed him to come fetch away the Body forthwith to Burial. The Priest believed him, not knowing but that he went in very Deed for a dead Body. Passing along, the Fool foremost, tinkling the Bell in his Hand, as the Manner is. The Marquis hearing the Bell, look'd out at the Window,

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Window, and asked wherefore they came thither? The Fool answered, *We come, my Lord, for the Body of the Coat you gave me, which I verily suppose is dead, because I have here some principal Members of it; without which, out of Doubt, it cannot live.*

The Emperor Charles being on a Time in his Privy-Chamber, accompany'd only with his Jester, one *Romero de Figueroa*; a poor Gentleman, whose small Living lay upon the Edge of Portugal, came and desir'd to speak with his Majesty. The Jester told the Emperor thereof, who answered, *Bid him chuse some other Time, for I am now disposed to be private awhile.* No, I beseech you, Cæsar, reply'd the Jester, *let us have him in; for out of Doubt he will else, for very Anger, put up all his Lands in a Basket and fly to Portugal,*

A Gentleman riding on the Way, ask'd a poor Country Boy whose Pigs those were? He answered, *My Mother's.* Who is thy Mother? *My Father's Wife.* Who is thy Father! He answered, *Go ask my Mother.*

One push'd a Countryman down a Pair of Stairs, and broke his Nose; whereat he roar'd most miserably, and said, *'Twas thou, Villian, 'twas thou.* No, answered the other, *'Twas not I; but belike you are over Mellow, and so fell down of yourself.*

E 2

A Countryman

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A Countryman lent his Neighbour an Ass, and he neglected to return him Home at the Day appointed, so the Party was fain to go fetch him himself; and when he came the other denied that the Ass was yet come Home, and made many trifling Excuses to detain him awhile longer. In the mean time the Ass bray'd in the Stable, whereby his Master knew that he was there, who then waxed very angry with his Neighbour for so abusing him: Whereunto the other, in a Rage, answered, *Gad's Nouns, will you believe your Ass before me?*

A Gentleman married a Farmer's Daughter, of whom afterward he grew weary and discontented: And on a Day, in a sullen Mood, he ask'd her how many Burthens of Straw her Father us'd to serve his Beasts every Winter? She answered, *Before you married me, three Hundred; and since three Hundred and Fifty, by Reason he hath one Beast now more than he had.*

A Merchant asked a Philosopher how he might preserve his Wealth? He answered, *Commit it not to Fortune.*

Hernando de Pulgar used to say, *That who-so desires to be soon rich, must have two Muches and two Littles. Much Avarice, and much Diligence: Little Shame, and Little Conscience.*

One passing by a miserly Merchant's new fair House, said to his Companion, *Yonder fair*

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fair House is built for Wealth, not for Honour.

A Gentleman said unto his Man, *When I leave off this Suit, I give it thee.* The next Morning the Gentleman arising, miss'd that Suit, and behold in comes the Man with it upon his Back: Which he seeing, fore beknave'd him, and would have beat him; but the Servant said, *Why, Sir, your Worship left it off Yesternight.*

A Gentleman and his Man passing through a Field together, a Crow in a Tree cry'd, *Kaw, Kaw.* See, quoth the Master, *yonder Crow calleth thee Knave.* No, Sir, he answered, *he speaks to your Worship, as to the better Man.*

An arch Fellow overtook a Coach by the Way as he rid, and ask'd the Rear-Man of the Train, what Lady or Gentlewoman it was? The Servant answered, *The Queen of Clubs.* I thought as much, reply'd the other, *seeing the Knave of Clubs to ride so fast after.*

A Gentleman had an errant Thief to his Man, and he, in seeming to praise his Fidelity, thus disprais'd him, saying, *Not any Thing in all my House is under Lock and Key from him, and he knows it well enough:* For indeed he had a Vice to pick open any Lock whatsoever.

A Nobleman being to pass through a Water, commanded his Trumpeter to go before and sound the Depth of it: Who answered, *I'll sound the Depth of my Lungs, with all my*
Heart,

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Heart, to please your Honour; but the Devil take me if ever I found the Depth of any Water, unless it is one with which I am particularly intimate.

One asking a Servant how much his miserly Master's Revenue was? He answered, *Able to starve a thousand Persons.*

. A Nobleman gave an old Servant of his two Boxes on the Ear; and the next Day, being displeas'd with one of his Pages, merrily then said unto him, *I pray thee restore me one of the Boxes I gave thee Yesterday, to bestow upon this villainous Boy.* He answered, *My Lord, you had as good take them both now, lest I should be absent when you want the other.*

One Gentleman was telling to another, *That his Page was run away from him, notwithstanding he had always us'd him well, both with good Cloaths to his Back, and Spending Money in his Purse:* Whereunto the other answered, *And I, for my Part, have a poor Knave, whom I keep bare and pennyless, and yet he loves me well, and will never forsake me.* How can he forsake you; reply'd the other, *having no Wings wherewith to fly away.*

A Gentleman having cudgell'd his Page for a Fault, bid him in the End put on his Cloaths and make him ready: Whereunto the Page answered, *Sir, they are the Executioner's Fee.*

A Person

A Collection of JESTS. 55

A Person ask'd an *Irishman*, why he wore his Stocking the wrong Side outwards? Who answered, *Because there was an Hole on the other Side.*

A Poet, going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one who pretended himself a maimed Soldier, begged an Alms of him. The Poet ask'd him by what Authority he went a begging? Sir, said the Soldier, *I have a Licence.* A Licence! said the Poet. *Lice, I conceive, thou may'st have; but Sense thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.*

Two *Welshmen* at an Inn had a Dozen of Eggs for Breakfast; and after they had paid, and gone a Mile out of Town, one said to the other, he was glad he was there, *for bur did sheat bur Landlord this Morning; for in bur shix Eggs which bur had, bur had two Shickens, and bur paid never a Varding for them.*

A young Fellow, who had more Fortune than Wit, being at Dinner at the House of a Gentleman of Distinction, a young Lady that was there was taken with a fainting Fit; and while every Body hastened to her Assistance, some with Smelling-Bottles, and some with other Helps, proper on such Occasions, says the Spark, with a Sneer, *There is no great Danger, I suppose it is only a breeding Qualm.* Sir, says a Gentleman that sat near him, with a severe Tone, *The Lady is a Sister of mine, and has been*

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been a Widow these two Years. Pardon me, replied the Spark, who did not extremely like his Looks, and was willing to palliate the Offence; *she looks so young and so innocent, that I really took her for a Maid.*

One who was formerly in good Circumstances, but had squander'd away his Estate, and had left himself no more Necessaries than a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and other such Lumber, seeing a Gang of Thieves endeavouring to break into his House one Night, he bawl'd out to them; *Are ye not a damn'd Pack of Fools! to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-light?*

Two Ladies, just return'd from Bath, were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them. The first had been very ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters. *But pray, Madam, what did you go for,* said he to the second? *Mere Wantonness,* replied she. *And pray, Madam, did it cure you?*

A Youth standing by while his Father was at Play, and observing him to lose a good deal of Money, burst out in Tears. His Father ask'd the Reason why he wept. *Oh, Sir,* said he, *I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he was told that his Father Philip had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities and Countries,*

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Countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept, for fear you should leave me nothing to lose.

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-Bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which, being reproved by some Friends, *Phoo*, says he, *I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my Bed?*

There is a Town in the Duke of *Wirtemburgh's* Dominions, where the Inhabitants are remarkable for making Blunders. The Church, in this Town, happen'd to stand pretty near the Road. An arch Wag advis'd some of the strongest Men in the Parish to push it a little farther off; telling them, He would stand by, and let them know when they had mov'd it far enough. *But how shall we know*, said they, *whether it moves, or not?* *Why*, reply'd he, *lay all your Cloaks behind the Church, as far as you would have it mov'd to, and when it comes to them I'll give you Notice.* They did so; and, while they were pushing, he order'd his Servant to take the Cloaks privately away. Which being done, he cry'd out hastily, *Hold! hold! hold! what are ye at! have you a Mind to over-turn the Building!* Upon which they left pushing, and enquir'd what was the Matter? *Matter!* said he, *why come and see what you have done; instead of pushing it to your Cloaks, you have*
push'd

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push'd it over them! When they were come to the other Side of the Church, and saw none of their Cloaks, they were all Amazement. At length one of the Wiseacres, scratching his Head, said very gravely, *Neighbours, who'd have thought we had push'd it so far!*

In a Cause tried at the *King's Bench*, a Witness was produced, who had a very red Nose; and one of the Counsel, who had a good Stock of Assurance, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him after he was sworn, *Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-Nose.* Why, Sir, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose for your Brazen-Face.*

A Scholar declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand; and, in a low Voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out. No, says the other, *methinks you are out enough already.*

A great Lord, who had run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming quite easy about the Matter, was ask'd one Day by a Friend, How he could sleep so well, when he was so much in Debt? *For my Part,* replied my Lord, *I sleep very well; but I wonder how my Creditors can!*

Mr. Pope, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him. The Duke ask'd, Why he, that
eat

eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answered the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into the Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him: *Then*, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

A Lord, endeavouring to perswade one of his Dependants to marry his cast-off Mistress, said, *Though she had been used a little, when she had got a good Husband, she might turn.* *Ay*, *but my Lord*, replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I'm afraid she is not worth turning.*

Ben Johnson, being one Night at the *Devil Tavern*, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourse with an Account of his Lands and Tenements: At last *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, said, *What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us; where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit.* *Have you so?* replied the Countryman, *good Mr. Wiseacre.* This unexpected Repartee from the Clown, struck *Ben* mute for some Time. *Why, how now Ben?* says one of the Company, *you seem to be quite stung!*

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stung! Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before, replied he.

A droll Féllow, who got a Livelihood by fidling at Fairs and about the Country, was one Day met by an Acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus; *Bless me! what are you alive? Why not,* answered the Fidler, *did you send any Body to kill me?* No, replies the other, *but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported it seems,* says the Fidler, *but I knew it was a Lie as soon as I heard it.*

In a Company of merry Companions over a chearful Bowl, when different Toasts were going round, a Gentleman, whose Name was *Brown*, toasted an absent Lady; which he had done for many Years, though he never had the Courage to speak to her: Upon which, one who sat next to him, said, *I believe, Sir, you have roasted that Lady these seven Years at least, and 'tis surprizing she's not Brown yet.*

Some Gentlemen, belonging to the Theatres in London, were at Dinner at a Tavern near *Charing-Cross*. One of them said, at sitting down to Table, *Now I'll eat heartily, that I may get the Wrinkles out of my Face.* On which another merrily reply'd, *You may eat, perhaps, 'till you get the Wrinkles out of your Belly; but you will never get those out of your Face, though you were to eat 'till Doomsday.*

An

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An *Irish* Footman was packing up his Master's Cloaths, and some other Things; but putting them down all in the Middle, they rose above the Edge of the Trunk, so that he could not shut over the Cover, while the Sides and Corners were almost empty. *Pugh, the Devil hang the Trunk, said he; upon my Soul I have put more into it than it will hold, and it is not full yet.*

A Number of *French* Gentlemen dining at a Tavern in *Germany*, the Maid, as she took out the Dishes, let a rousing Fart; and her Mistress scolding her severely for doing such a Thing in hearing of the Guests, *Pshaw, Madam, says she, you don't consider that they are all French People, and don't understand German.*

A Ship being in a violent Storm, among others on Board was a poor *Irishman*; who, hearing one of his Fellow-Passengers most piteously bemoaning, and desiring every Body to kneel down to Prayers, for the Vessel was just sinking. *Arrah, says Paddy, if I live 'till I die, which I don't know whether I shall or not, I don't despair of seeing myself safely buried in Cork Church-Yard for all this.*

Anaxagoras, the *Grecian* Philosopher, finding a certain Nobleman, who was very eager to profit by his Discourse and Instructions, at the same Time very slow in contributing towards his Maintenance, spoke to him thus; *Look*

F

ye,

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ye, my Lord, if you desire to see by my Light, you must administer Oil to my Lamp.

A humourous Fellow had a Difference with a Man, and at length they were going to fight. When the other had unbutton'd his Coat, the Wag saw his Regimental Waistcoat. Upon which he said, *Do you belong to the Army? You see I do,* says the Man, pointing to his Waistcoat. *Why, what a Puppy was I when!* reply'd the other, putting on his Coat: *Fighting is your Trade, and I never contend with a Man in his own Profession.*

Diogenes being ask'd, what Beasts were most venomous? answered, *Of wild Beasts, the Slanderer; of tame Beasts, the Flatterer.*

A Raker loading a Dung-Cart, by Chance a Kite flew over him; a Taylor in the next Shop seeing it, said, *Oh! see there, Sirrah, your Fellow Scavenger.* No, answered the Raker, *it is a Buzzard, like you.*

A certain *Roman Knight* came to solicit some Favour of the Emperor *Trajan*; but miscarrying, and being very old, having grey Hairs and Beard, in a few Days afterwards he stood in his Way a second Time, with a fresh Petition, to the same Effect with the last: However, fearing that he should be known again, and rejected for an Impertinent, he very sagaciously shaved himself, and dyed his Hair black, hoping by that Means to appear young, and escape
the

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the Emperor's Notice. But *Trajan*, the Minute he saw him, reconnoitred his old Plague. Taking the Petition therefore from his Hand, and looking over it, *Really*, said he, jeeringly, *I should be very glad to grant what you require, but I denied it but a Day or two ago to your Father; and I think it would be a downright Scandal to give that to the Son, which I refused to him that got him.*

One asking an Emperor of *Germany*, why he suffered a Person that had fought against him, and he overcame, to be buried with Funeral Honours? *Would to God*, answered he, *that I could shew the same Testimony of my Favour to all my Enemies.*

A very famous Orator declaiming one Time before a *Grecian* Emperor, enveighed strongly against innocent Denial in these Words, *If to deny be sufficient, who would be guilty?* Upon which the Emperor, rising, said, *And if it be sufficient to accuse, who could be innocent?*

The famous *Scipio*, being at a Time Procurator Purveyor for the City of *Rome*, when there raged a great Famine, he was upon the Point of setting Sail from *Asia* with Provision; but his Pilot taking Notice of the Turbulency of the Weather, dissuaded him from it as dangerous: To which that truly noble *Roman* returned this excellent Answer, *It is necessary that I should go, not that I should live.*

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There is no Office among the *Turks* held by any other Tenure than the King's Pleasure, and it is seldom seen that any Vizier, or other great Man, dies in his Bed; whence they have this Proverb, *He who is greatest in Office is but a Statue of Glass.*

An *Irishman*, coming into a Woollen-Draper's Shop, accosts him in the following Manner: *Arrah, Honey, will you be so shivel to let a Body look at some English Velvet, made of Irish Wool; becase as why, I loves to encourage the Malefactors of my own Country.* To this polite Address the Woollen-Draper, with as grave a Countenance as he could draw up, made Answer, that he had no *English Velvet*, but he could shew him some very choice *Genoa*. *Ub bub boo, fait and do so, dear Joz,* cries Teague; *by my Salvation I have often heard of March Beer brewed in October, but Devil take myself if ever I heard of January Velvet before.*

A Gentleman being on board a Ship, in a Voyage to *Lisbon*, overheard some of the Sailors in a very high Dispute; upon which, going up to them, he desir'd to know the Occasion of their Difference. *The Occasion of our Difference!* answer'd one of them; *why, I'll tell you, Sir. There was my Master, John Thornton, an old Boatswain in one of His Majesty's Ships, who was super-antidoted, and past his Labour, and the Ambaltry divorced him from his Ship, and*
His

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His Majesty allowed him a Suspension; and this blockheadly Son of a Whore here, says I talks like a Fool: Whereof I have been thirty Years a Sailor, if I lives 'till next Mikalmas, and the Devil's in it if I have not been learned to argysye by this Time.

An *English* Vessel meeting one from *Ireland*, haled it, and desired to know what she was laden with? *Timber and Fruit*, answer'd the Master. *Timber and Fruit!* replied the other. *Ay*, said the Master, *Birch-Brooms and Potatoes.*

In a Company of Gentlemen, the Conversation turn'd on the Source of Differences between Man and Man. A Gentleman then present, said, That most of the Contentions that have been in the World were owing to Women. To which another very gallantly reply'd, *There is Nothing else worth contending for.*

A merry Gentleman, who was very rich but not over wise, met one of his Neighbours, and accosted him thus: *I was seeking a Fool, when I found you.* The other archly reply'd, *He is drown'd in yonder Stream*, pointing to a little River. *Look in, and you'll be sure to see him.*

What Complaints can my Husband make of me? said a teachy Wife. *I have a Mind to all that he has a Mind to. He has a Mind to be Master, and so have I.*

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One having a scolding Wife, swore he would drown himself. She followed him, desiring him to forbear, at least to let her speak with him. *Speak quickly then, says he. Pray Husband, if you will needs drown yourself, take my Counsel. Go into a very deep Place, for it will grieve my Heart to see you long a dying.*

A good-humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition; told him, That if she was dead, he would marry *Old Nick's* eldest Daughter, if he could get any Thing by it. *That's true,* replied the Husband, *but the worst of it is one can't marry two Sisters.*

A Gentleman riding through a River, which he suppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to shew his Politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill Manners; pray, Sir, do you cross over first.*

When the first Mr. Penn, the Proprietor of *Pensilvania*, and the most considerable Man among the Quakers, went to Court to pay his Respects to *Charles the Second*; that merry Monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his Beaver, took off his own Hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, *Prithee, Friend Charles, put on thy Hat.* No, says the King, *Friend Penn, it is usual for only one Man to be cover'd here.*

A Phy-

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A Physician sent a foolish Fellow purging Pills, and he tasting and chewing one of them in his Mouth, and finding it passing bitter, spet it out again; the rest he wrapt in a Bundle of Hay, saying, *There rest ye, 'till ye be thorough ripe.*

A Fool lay asleep in a Field, and had stuck his Staff in the Ground before his Face, to fence him from the Wind. By Chance one coming by awaked him, and ask'd him why he had pitch'd the Staff there? He answered, *To defend me from the Wind.* Fool, said the other, *That cannot any at all shield thee.* The Fool replied, *Can the Wind blow through it, think ye?*

A Cockney, seeing a Squirrel play about in a Shop, greatly admir'd it, and said, *Bless me! what pretty Things are made for Money.*

A Dog had bitten a Fool, and the Fool finding him the next Day asleep in the Grass, knock'd out his Brains, and said, *He that hath Enemies, let him take Heed how and where he sleeps.*

A Serving-Man was jesting with his Master's Fool, and made him believe he could cut off his Head. The Fool ran straight to his Master, and told him of it; who answered, *He shall not cut off thy Head, if he do, I'll hang him the next Day after.* Nay, *I pray thee,* replied the Fool, *rather hang him a Day before.*

One used to say, *That a Fool more benefits a wise Man, than a wise Man a Fool; for that the Folly of a Fool admonisheth a wise Man from Folly,*

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Folly, but a Fool cannot comprehend the Wisdom of the Wise.

One asked a Fool how many Horses his Father had? He answered, *Five, with four that are dead.*

An honest Man invited a Physician to Dinner; and, at Dinner-Time, drank to him in a Cup of Wine, whereunto the Physician excepted, and said, *That he durst not pledge him in Wine, for fear of Pimples and Inflammations in his Face.* The other answered, *A foul Ill on that Face, that makes the whole Body fare the worse.*

An Italian used to say, that Wine hath these two Discommodities with it; *If you put Water into it, you mar it; and if you put none in, you mar yourself.*

A Friend of Don *Alonzo de Aguilar*, being at Dinner with him, call'd for a little Wine: Whereupon Don *Alonzo* told him, *In this House, Sir, neither a little is to be demanded, nor a little to be given.*

A Turkey-Pie had been often served in to a poor Gentleman's Board; and his Servant, being to serve it in again, made some Stay of it by the Way, resting it upon the Buttery-Hatch. By Chance his Master came by, and seeing it there, ask'd him, why he did not carry it in; *Marry, Sir,* answered the Servant; *I thought it could by this Time have found the Way in alone.*

A. Servant,

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A Servant, by Mischance, spilt Broath on his Master's Board; and his Master said, *Sirrah, I could have done so myself.* He answered, *No Wonder, Sir, for your Worship hath seen me do it first.*

An old Doctor complaining that having but one only Tooth left him in his Head, it was lately fallen away with eating a very ripe Fig; another answered, *But your Tooth was a great deal riper.*

A Gentleman using to dine often with the Mayor of London, on a Time brought his Friend with him; saying, *My Lord, here I am come a bold Guest of yours again, and have brought my Shadow with me.* The Mayor welcomed him and his Shadow, and within awhile after he came again to Dinner, and brought two Companions with him: To whom the Mayor said, *Sir, you be heartily welcome; but I pray you tell me, do you not think it a monstrous Thing for one Body to have two Shadows?*

Old Master Palmer, of Agmerine, was a pleasant Gentleman, and being one Day at Dinner with the Duke of Somerset, no sooner was a dainty Morfel of Meat carv'd him, but straight the Servants were ready for clean Trenchers to receive it from him. At last a Lady carv'd him a Partridge-wing, and a Servant forthwith clean trencher'd him, and went away with it; which the merry Gentleman perceiving, said aloud unto
all

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all the honourable Company, *A fair Flight, Sirs; mark, mark it well.*

At a Summer's Banquet of Fruits and Sweet-Meats, a young Gentleman placed himself next to an old Man, who had scarce a Tooth in his Head, but yet the old Man out eat him: Whereupon the Youth, at rising, merrily said, *Mass, Father, of one that is no beter shod, than I see you are, you have run very well To-day.*

Grapes were set before one at the Beginning of Dinner; and he merrily said, *It is not good building upon a round Foundation.*

An Earl came late at Night to a Gentleman's House, and a fat Capon was serv'd up to his Supper; which the Earl seeing, straight tink'd the Dish with his Knife, to have it set near him: Whereupon the Gentleman, then standing by, said, *Tour Honour doth well to take it, for it is a Trump at this Time.*

A Man of Worship had, on the sudden, great Resort of Guests, and their Fare was but slender: Whereupon he called his Steward unto him and said, *Why how chanceth it that we have no better Fare To-day? This Dinner is like an Apple, soon snatch'd up upon the Point of a Rapier.*

One wonted to say, *That poor Men want Meat to their Stomachs, and rich Men Stomachs to their Meat.*

One drinking to a Gentleman, and saying, *Sir, I drink to your Sister Alice, and to your Cousin*
Befs,

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Bels, and so upward to your Father, and to your Mother ; and then down again to your little Brother Robert, and little Miss Frances, and the rest : He answer'd, *I pledge your Pair of Stairs.*

A Gentleman lent a Merchant his Horse, who, at his Return, vaunted what a gallant Horse it was, and how by the Way as he rid he out-gallop'd all the Horses he overtook ; and had won with him half a dozen Wagers, so swift he pac'd it, and so bravely he had put him to it. The Gentleman answered, *For such Honour let my Horse thank you.*

A miserly Merchant asking one whom he greatly disdain'd, how he came by so rich a Widow ? He answered, *Even as a Man may come by yours after you are dead.*

A Miser said unto his Man, *Sirrah, you had best be gone, lest I give you that you would not willingly have.* The Servant answered, *Sir, I believe you not, for you never give.*

A rich Miser had so base a Mind, that he thought all Mischiefs that beset any of his Neighbours, was in Respect that they wish'd him ill, or went about to do him some Despight. It chanced that his Man, riding in an Evening to water his Horse, both he and the Horse were unfortunately drowned : Whereupon the Miser said, *See, see, out of Doubt the Varlet hath done this to spight me.*

A miserable

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A miserable Churl bestowed an old greasy Hat upon an old Servant of his, and said, *Look here, this Hat I give thee, over and above thy Wages, and see thou deserve it.* The Servant answered, *With such Gifts your Worship shall be sure to be no Loser.*

An old Miser, who us'd to grudge himself Victuals, complained that he had almost lost all the Teeth in his Head. A Gentleman that stood by, answered, *That was no great Loss to him, for when he had them he very rarely us'd them.*

A worshipful Gentleman used to promise much, and perform little : Whereupon a Gentlewoman merrily said unto him, *In Truth, Sir, you were even the best Gentleman in the World, if your Purse-strings were hung at your Mouth.*

A Miser had great Store of Poultry about his House, and seldom or ever kill'd any of them, but let them live their utmost Date, and so die. Being asked why he did so ? he answered, *The surest Penny in my Purse, is that I do not spend.*

One that was reputed a very rich Miser, and yet died but a poor Man, and greatly indebted ; another said of him, *Sure, I had not thought he had been so honest a Man.*

A Gentleman will'd an Arras-Maker to work him a Piece of Tapestry, figured with a fair Castle, within the Castle a Dog barking, and at
the

the Castle-Gate a Man all in compleat Armour, brandishing in his Hand a naked Sword. The Workman wrought it, and brought it Home; which the Gentleman viewing, and missing the Dog, angrily excepted thereunto. The Workman then merrily answered, *Belike, Sir, it is now Dinner-time within the Castle, and the scurvy Cur is gnawing of a Bone somewhere in a Corner.*

One asked a Painter how it chanced he drew beautiful Pictures, and begot so homely Children? He answered, *I paint by Day, and beget Children by Night.*

A Tradesman fed his 'Prentice only with Livers and Lights; and, being one Day to do a little Work out of Town, he bid his 'Prentice come to him at such a Place. He went first, and being come to the Place appointed, there he staid for his 'Prentice, whom at last he saw coming with a Load on his Shoulders; and, being come near him, he wondered thereat, and ask'd him why he brought that great Log with him? The 'Prentice answered, *So many Lights have I eaten, that I thought the open Country-Air would have carried me quite away, and therefore have I taken this Load to keep me down.*

A London Printer sent his 'Prentice for a Mess of Mustard; who, asking where he should fetch it, he surlily answered, *In France.* *Very good,*
G Sir,

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Sir, cuoth the 'Prentice ; and with that he took a Mustard-Pot in his Hand, and forth he went to *Billinggate*, where, finding a Ship bound for *France*, he embarked therein, and to *France* he went. He remained there almost a Year, and at last returned Home. He came that very same Day Twelvemonth to his Master, and delivered the aforesaid Pot full of Mustard ; saying, *Here, Sir, is your Mess of French Mustard.*

The said 'Prentice, entering by and by into his Master's Printing-Office, and finding a *Dutchman* there working at the Press, straight stept unto him, and snatching the Balls out of his Hands, gave him a good Cuff on the Ear, and said, *Why how now, Butter-Box ! cannot a Man turn his Back to fetch his Master a Mess of Mustard, but you must step straight into his Place ?*

A pleasant Jester, being at the Table with divers Gentleman, amongst whom was a plain Country Gentleman, one that had a great deal more Virtue than Words ; the Jester all Dinner-Time did nothing but play upon his Plainness, and brake most bitter and unsavory Jests, which the Gentleman endured very patiently 'till Dinner was ended ; and then coming to the Jester, and taking him by the Hand, he told him he was blest in a most happy Wit : *For, Sir, said he, your Jests come from you pregnantly and sharply, and for my own Part I could wish I had but Half your Skill therein ; only this I must let you know,*

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know, that though I cannot break a Jest, yet I can break a Head as well as any Man living; and so drawing out his Dagger, brake the Jester's Pate, and beat him soundly.

The Wags of the Court had curtail'd a Jester's Nag, and he in Revenge thereof cut off the Upper-Lips of several Courtiers Steeds in the Lower-Court-Yard; who, coming down from the Presence, every one to take his Horse, and laughing to see the Jester's Nag at the Court-Gate so disfigured, *Laugh on, laugh on, Sirs,* said the Jester; *I dare warrant ye shall see your Horses laugh anon, and out laugh you all.*

A little Nobleman wore a broad-brim'd Hat in the Court, and a Jester seeing it, said, *Give my Lord but such another Hat below, and you may serve him up to the Emperor's Board as between two Dishes.*

A Jester used to say, that as soon as ever he perceived a Fray, he straight became a Lance-Man. Being asked how so? he answered, *Marry, I lanch forthwith into the next House.*

A Jester, meeting the Duke of Infantazgo between two fantastical Gallants, cry'd out aloud unto him, *My Lord, my Lord, you go in Danger!* The Duke asking him whereof? he answered, *Of drowning, were it not for those two Bladders on either Arm of you.*

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Siento signifies, in *Spanish*, I sit, and also I feel. A poor Gentleman came to visit a Man of Worship, and they presented him a ruinous Stool to sit upon; which he perceiving, stood still, refusing to sit down. The Man of Worship asked him why he stood, and requesting him withal to sit down; he answer'd, *Pardon me, Sir, for no me siento; that is, I do not sit, because me siento, viz. because I feel.* He meant that he felt himself aggrieved with the Scorn cast on him, in giving him so homely a Seat.

A Scholar, that vaunted what especial Interest he had in a certain fair Gentlewoman, went (he and his Friend) on a Time to visit her. She, in Disdain of him, still thou'd him at every Word, and he as often over-rated her with Honour, Ladyship, and Majesty; whereat the Gentlewoman being angry, asked him why he so exalted her in Title above her Calling? He answered, *May it please you to mount but one Point higher, and then will I fall one lower, so shall our Musick well accord.*

A Courtier, being a very brave Soldier, and having fought many stout Combats, coming to visit a most pleasant Lawyer, the Lawyer's Man told his Master who was come to visit him. He instantly rose from his Study, girded his Gown about him, put on a Sword, a Rapier, Daggers and Ponyards, and hung a Buckler at his Breech: Then with a Halberd in one Hand, and a Law-
Book

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Book in the other, he came forth ; and the Courtier wondering at him, he said, *Sir, I that know your several Professions, am but only provided for their several Entertainments.*

One came to speak with his Friend, who, being at that Time very busy, willed his Man to answer him that he was not within ; but he, by Chance, over-heard his Voice, and knew thereby that he was within, whereupon he departed highly displeased. The next Day this other came to speak with him, and, he hearing that he was come, look'd out at a Window, and told him that he was not at Home. *Not at Home*, answered the other ; *why, I pray, Sir, who are you ? Who am I ?* reply'd he ; *I hope I am one whom you may as well credit, saying that I am not at Home, as I to believe your Man making me the like Answer from you Yesterday.*

A Gentleman that had been long in the *Indies*, being return'd Home with a great Scar in his Face, went to visit a Friend of his, who knew him not a good while ; 'till at last the Gentleman, discovering unto him his Name and Kindred, in the End he call'd him to Mind, and said, *Sir, you must pardon me ; for I assure you, your Supercription being blurr'd, I could not well read you.*

A Gentleman, being in Conversation among many homely Gentlewomen, at last came in a very fair one ; whereat they all arose to salute her,

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and he said, *If this Gentlewoman had not come, we had lost the Game for want of a Court-card.*

A Spaniard, braving an English Soldier in the Low-Countries, said, *That in his Days he had slain as many Englishmen as he had Buttons on his Doublet.* The Englishman answered, *So often kifs you my Tail.*

Gonzalo Fernandes said, *That Frenchmen, at the first Encounter, are more than Men, and afterwards less than Women.*

One saying that French Paper was cheaper in England than English Paper: Another answered, *No Wonder, for they have more Rags to make Paper of in France than we have here in England, by Reason they have more Beggars.*

Isabella, Queen of Spain, hearing another City praised above Toledo, said, *If it be as great as Toledo, than it is not so strong; and if it be so strong, than is it not so great.*

A great Clerk, being come to Toledo, where he noted the People very ingenious, civil and discreet, he said, *Never 'till now that I am in Toledo, did I think myself an errant Fool.*

An elder Brother was commending his Younger Brother's green Cloak, and said it became him passing well: The other answered, *But a Mourning Cloak for you would become me better.*

A Jester, seeing a Gallant wear a little Bonnet upon his Head, with a Band to it, all beset with

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with Gold Buttons, said, *Foul befall the Smith that shod yonder Ass so close.*

Young 'Squire Booby, just come from his first Term at the University, was willing to give his Parents a Specimen of his Improvement there. *Father*, says he, *I can chop Logic.* *Ay*, says his *Father*, *how is that, Tom?* *Why*, says *Tom*, *here de zee, Father, are a Couple of Fowls at Table, I can prove they are three Fowls.* *How's that?* quoth the *Father.* *Why*, *there's one*, says *Tom*; *and there's two*, pointing to the Dish; *and don't one and two make three, Father?* *Well, Dame*, says the *Father*, *Tom's a Conjuror.* *You take one Fowl, and I'll eat the other, and let Tom have the third for his Logic.*

An *Italian* was accused for marrying five Wives; when, being carried before the Judge, he was ask'd, why he had married so many? He answered, *In order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A *French Marquis*, being one Day at Dinner at *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions; particularly the *Ruffle*, Which was, he said, *de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by de oder Nations.* *Roger* allow'd what he said; but observ'd, at the same Time, *That the English, according to Custom,*
had

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had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding a Shirt to it.

One Evening a Watchmaker, being in Company with some Gentlemen at a Tavern, the Conversation turn'd on the Regularity of Time; which the Watchmaker discours'd on in a very copious and learned Manner. When he had done, a merry Gentleman reply'd, That he must beg to be excus'd from being of his Opinion; for he thought Time was so far from being regular, that he travels in divers Paces with various Persons. Being desir'd to explain himself; he said, *Time ambles with some, trots with others, gallops with many, and with some it stands still.* For, continu'd he, *Time ambles with a rich Man, that hath not got the Gout; for he lives merrily, because he feels no Pain. Time trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage and the Day it is solemnized; for if the Interim be but a Week, Time's Pace is so hard that it seems the Length of seven Years. Time gallops with a Thief to the Gallows; for tho' he goes as softly as Foot can fall, yet he thinks himself too soon there. Time stands still with those that sleep, for then they perceive not how Time moves.*

An old Gentleman ask'd a young one, What was the Name of his Sweetheart? He answered, *Maudlin.* I do not like her Name, says the old Gentleman. Sir, replies the other,

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other, *there was no Thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.*

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner; but, being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

An *English* Gentleman ask'd Sir *Richard Steele*, who was an *Irishman*, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for Blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith!* says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

The Lord *Jefferies* pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow, giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very strongly. *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, *Harkee, you. Fellow in the Leather Doublet! what have you for Swearing?* To which the Countryman replied, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for Lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

It being prov'd on a Tryal at *Guildhall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*. *I see*, said the Judge, *the*
old

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old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L.

A Sharper was telling his Friends at *Tunbridge*, that he had brought a young Baronet out of the Country, whose Merit he extoll'd prodigiously; and at last added, that he was a very honest Man. *He is to be pitied for that,* says *Tom Brown*. *What! for being an honest Man?* says the other. No, answered *Tom*; *but being an honest Man, he is to be pitied for being in your Company.*

A poor silly Fellow bid his Master's Cook give him some Victuals, for he was very hungry. The Maid, being busy, told him there was a Leg of Beef just come from the Baker's in the Closet, he might go and eat some of that. The Fellow went; and, having a surprizing Appetite, eat it all. Some Time after, going to take a Bit of the Beef out of the Pan for her Master's Supper, and finding he had left only the Bones, she roar'd out, *Oh! you confounded Dog! how could you eat up the whole Leg of Beef! You may thank yourself for that,* said the silly Fellow; *you gave me no Candle, and how could I see when my Belly was full?*

A Gentleman once told *Beau Nash*, that he was both the Butt and the Fool of the Company. No, Sir, says *Nash*, *I am the Butt, and you —.* What? says the Gentleman.—*You are to supply the Deficiency,* says *Nash*.

Tom

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Tom Brown, being ask'd by a Lady, *Who was the most unhappy of all Men?* answered, *He who think himself so.*

An arch Boy being at Table, where there was a piping hot Apple-Pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? *Only*, said he, *because it is just come into my Remembrance, that my poor Grand-mother died this Day Twelvemonth.* Phoo! says the other, *is that all?* So, whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathized with the Boy; who, seeing his Eyes brimful, with a malicious Sneer, ask'd him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you*, said he, *because you were not hanged, you young Dog, the same Day your Grand-mother died.*

One crossing a King in his Hunting, he rides after him with his Sword drawn. *Pray, Sir*, says he, *do not Knight me before my eldest Brother is dead, for I am but a younger Brother!* Which turned the King's Fury off in a laughing Humour.

A Mistress of a Boarding-School at *Chelsea*, who was very red-fac'd, taxing one of her Scholars with some Fault; the young Lady denied it, but coloured at the Accusation. *Nay*, says the Mistress, *I am sure it must be true, for you blush.* Pardon me, *Madam*, said she, *it is only the Reflection of your Face.*

A Gentleman

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A Gentleman ask'd his Friend, how tall his Sweetheart was? He reply'd, *Just as high as my Heart.*

Two Servants discoursing over a Pot of Ale, of their Master's Hospitality; one said, His Master kept a very noble *Christmas* this Year, for he killed an Ox every Day. *Tush*, said the other, *my Master killed an Ox and a Half.*

The late Beau *Nash* often played Tricks with others; and, upon certain Occasions, received very severe Retaliations. Being at *York Races*, and having lost all his Money, some of his Companions agreed to equip him with fifty Guineas, upon this Proviso, that he would stand at the great Door of the Minster in a Blanket, as the People were coming out of Church. To this Proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. *What*, says the Doctor, *Mr. Nash in Masquerade? Only a Yorkshire Penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad Company*, quoth *Nash*, pointing to his Companions.

A Justice of Peace, who was strongly possessed with the Itch of Scribbling, and had published a Book on various Subjects, sent it by his Amanuensis as a Present to *Ben Johnson*, who received it very thankfully: But afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of Faults, he returned it with his Complaints, and desired his
Worship

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Worship *Would commit it to the House of Correction.*

It has already been observ'd, that there is a Town in the Duke of *Wirtemburgh's* Dominions in which the Inhabitants are remarkable for making Blunders. In this Town a Man was detected in stealing a Horse. He was try'd, and condemn'd for it; but, on the Day appointed for his Execution, one of his Judges said, *What shall we do with this Man? Hang him, at this Time, we can't; for, as the Gailows stands in the Midst of a Field of Corn, and it is now near Harvest, the Multitude that throng to see the Execution will tread it all under Foot.* To this another reply'd, *Why all this is very true, and therefore I'll tell you what must be done in this Case. It will not be above a Month before the Harvest will be got in, and then he may be hang'd: So let him give us a Note under his Hand, that he will come to be hang'd this Day six Weeks, and, for that Time, let him go about his Business.* This was agreed to; and the Man was call'd in, and told that he could not be hang'd that Day, but must come six Weeks hence: *However,* said one of them, *before you go, you must give us a Note under your Hand that you will come on the Day appointed.* The Thief consented, gave his Note, and went about his Business. At the Time agreed on, he came to take up his Note; upon which a

H

Dispute

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Dispute arose, whether it was right to hang so honest a Man. He was bid to withdraw, and told that he should know their Pleasure immediately. As soon as he was had into another Room, one of them said, *Would you, Sir, had you given a Note to be hang'd, come according to your Promise?* No, Sir, reply'd the other. The same Question was ask'd all round, and they all reply'd in the Negative. Then, said the Person who propos'd the Question, *why should we hang him, since he is the honestest Man of us all?* Upon which they agreed, it was Pity he should be hang'd, and the Keeper was order'd to bring him before them. When he was brought in, he was told, That they were determin'd not to hang him; for since he had been so honest as to give his Note, and to come according to his Promise; they, on their Part, had come to a Resolution to return him his Note, and to discharge him from all Obligations.

A Gentleman at *Bath*, who had been very extravagant, and squandered away most of his Fortune, not frequenting the Rooms as usual, many of his Friends enquired after him of *Nash*, who told them that *he kept his Bed*: Upon which several of them went to see him; and, finding him well, told him the Report which *Nash* had spread. The Gentleman, a little disgusted, went to *Nash*; and, in a Passion, asked why he had treated him in that Manner?

Why

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Why in such a Heat? says Nash; *I hope I said nothing but the Truth. I ventured to tell these Gentlemen, indeed, that you kept your Bed; and, if you have, I rejoice at it: It is the only Thing you have kept, and I know it would be the last you would part with.*

A certain King of *Tartary* going a Progress with his Nobles, was met on the Way by a *Dervise*, who cried out with a loud Voice, *Whoever will give me a hundred Pieces of Coin, I will give him a Piece of Advice.* The King had a Curiosity to know what he meant, and order'd him the Sum he demanded. The *Dervise* said, **BEGIN NOTHING, OF WHICH THOU HAST NOT WELL CONSIDER'D THE END.** The Nobles, upon hearing this plain Sentence, smiled, and said the *Dervise* was well paid for his Maxim. The King reproved them, and was so well satisfied with the Answer, that at his Return he ordered the Words to be written in Letters of Gold in several Places about his Palace, and to be engraven on all his Plate. Not long after, a Conspiracy was formed by some of his Courtiers, and the King's Surgeon undertook, upon the Promise of a great Reward, to take away the Life of his Master by Means of a poisoned Lancet, which he prepared, and wore privately in his Turban for that Purpose. The King in a little Time wanted to be let Blood, and the Surgeon attended him as usual. He bound

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the King's Arm, and was just going to prick him; when, casting his Eye on the Bason, he read the Words, *BEGIN NOTHING, OF WHICH THOU HAST NOT WELL CONSIDER'D THE END.* He immediately started; and, pausing for a short Space, convey'd away the Lancet, and drew out another. The King observed it, and ask'd him the Reason. The Surgeon was in a Confusion, and being examin'd on the Occasion of his Disorder, he fell prostrate on his Face, confessed the whole Truth, and was pardoned. The rest of the Conspirators were put to Death. The King at the same Time ordered diligent Search to be made for the *Dervise*; and, turning to his Courtiers who had heard his Advice with Contempt, told them, *That Counsel could not be too much valued, which had saved a King's Life.*

A Gentleman was once at Play with a Lady for considerable Stakes, which he from Time to Time lost, without either complaining, or taking the necessary Precaution to secure the Game: Upon which the young Lady's Father, turning to her Aunt, asked which was the best Gamester? *Oh, the Gentleman, abundantly, says she; he don't play for Diamonds but Hearts.* And so it happened, for he played himself into the Lady's good Graces, and married her in a few Days; though he was a Child of Fortune, and she Heiress to a considerable Estate.

One

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One of the Bloods of Cambridge, one Day in the Grove, attacked some Ladies; and asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came? She replied, *Strait from London.* Indeed, Madam, said he, *then you must have been confoundedly warpt by the Way.*

Beau Nash was one Day complaining in the following Manner to a certain noble Lord of his bad Luck at Play. *Would you think it, my Lord, that damn'd Bitch Fortune, no later than last Night, trick'd me out of Five Hundred Pounds? Is it not surprizing,* continu'd he, *that my Luck should never turn; that I should eternally thus be mauled? I don't wonder at your losing Money,* Nash, says his Lordship; *but all the World is surprized how you get it to lose.*

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a Prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked, If he had followed his Prescription? *Followed your Prescription!* cried Nash; No. *Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck; for I flung it out of the Two Pair of Stairs Window.*

A young Lady who was just come out of the Country, and affected to dress in a very plain Manner, was sitting on a Bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his Companions were passing by:

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Upon which, turning to one of them, he said, *There's a smart Country Girl, I will have some Discourse with her.* Then going up to the Lady, *So, Child,* says he, *you are just come to Bath, I see.* Yes, Sir, answered the Lady. *And you have been a good Girl in the Country, and learned to read your Book, I hope.* Yes, Sir. Pray now, says he, *let me examine you; I know you have read your Bible, and the History of Tobit and his Dog: Now can you tell me, what was the Dog's Name?* Yes, Sir, says she; *his Name was Nash, and an impudent Dog he was.*

A Lady was saying she had overthrown her Adversary; at which one of her Servants said, *Ay, Madam, he took a wrong Sow by the Ear, when he meddled with your Ladyship.*

A Gentleman and his Man riding into the Country, they met a Fellow a-stride upon a Cow. The Man calls out to his Master. *O! Sir,* says he, *yonder is a strange Sight! a Fellow is on Horseback on a Cow.* *That's a Bull,* said the Gentleman. *Nay, Sir,* said the Man, *it is not a Bull; I know it's a Cow, by its Feats.*

Two Irishmen, having travelled on Foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their Journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten Miles to London. *By my Shoul and St. Patrick,* cries

cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a-piece, let's even walk on.*

A Jester, seeing an old Gentleman in the Street homely attir'd, and wearing an old-fashion'd Tablet hanging down his Breast before, said, *It is a good Letter, though interlined.*

An amorous Coxcomb perfumed his Love-Letter to his Mistress, and, fearing lest she should neglect how sweet it was, wrote in a *Postscript* underneath, *I pray you, Mistress, after you have read this Letter, smell to it.*

A Widow Gentlewoman, hearing a young Nobleman discourse unto her of the honourable Love he bare her Daughter, and she objecting that she was too meanly descended to be Wife to so great a Lord as he: He answered, *A greater Matter is Love than Lordship.*

Celestina is a dainty Pastoral Love-Book in Spanish, and it signifieth Celestial. A Scholar coming to visit his Mistress, she desired him to help her to the said *Celestina*: Who answered, *Yourself being the Original, what would you do with the Translation.*

A Gentlewoman went to Church so concealed, that she thought no Body could know her. It chanced that her Lover met her, knew her, and spake to her. *Sir, answered she, you mistake me: how know you me? Ab! too well, reply'd the Gentleman, for so soon as I met you, behold my Wounds fell fresh a bleeding.*

A Gentleman

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A Gentleman walking with a Lady in each Hand, told them, that by his Skill in Palmestry he could tell them their Fortunes. One of the Ladies, to whom he was particularly devoted, then reach'd forth her Hand, to see what Judgment he would give upon it: Who, after he had viewed it a good while, said unto her, *In Truth, Madam, all my Fortune lies in your Hands.*

A Gentleman had been a long time Suiter to a Gentlewoman, who still rewarded his Love but with Scorn and Disdain; nevertheless he bore himself still a Suiter unto her, and one Evening serenaded her under her Window. She gave Attention to his Musick for some Time, and at last threw a Wisp of Straw at him in Derision. He, not greatly offended thereat, said, *Of a bad Pay-Master, better yet take Straw than nothing.*

A Widow Gentlewoman, who had buried a very tender Husband, being perswaded to marry again; she answered, *The Death of a dear Husband ought not to disannul the Love of a chaste Wife.*

A Maid was offered to one in Marriage, and her Friends were offended that the Party so long paus'd upon the Choice: Whereunto he answered, *Is she foul? Then is she odious. If fair? then is she hard to keep. These be the Extreams I muse upon.*

A Bridegroom said unto his Spouse, *When as at such a Time I solicited thy Chastity, hadst thou*

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thou condescended, I should never have lov'd thee after, neither had we been now Man and Wife, for I did it purposely to try thee. She answered, *Faith, I thought as much, but Such-a-one taught me more Wit seven Years ago.*

A Gentleman used to say, *That the Father gives the Portion, but God the good Wife.*

Two young Men were Suiters to a rich Man's Daughter ; the one was rich, the other poor, and he bestowed her upon the poor Suiter. Being ask'd why he did so ? he answered, *Because the poor Batchelor is wise, and may repair his Living in Time ; but the other's a Fool, and like to bring all to nought.*

In *Spain* it is lawful to marry by Attorney. One besought his dear Friend to marry a fair Maid for him, in his Absence ; affirming, that they were already privily contracted before Witnesses. His Friend (with Licence of the Church first obtained) did so ; and, after the Marriage, he and the Bride sat down together in a Pew, and he spake never a Word unto her : Which the Neighbours wondering at, asked him why he was so strange to the Bride ? He answered, *Well have I leave to wed her for my Friend, but not to speak the first Folly unto her : That's his Right, and he must have it.*

One asked a young Gentleman, what he meant to marry so deaf a Gentlewoman ? He answered, *Because I hop'd she was also dumb.*

One

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One wore a Straw Hat in a strange Place, and the People flock'd about him, all gazing at the Novelty. At last a Churchman pass'd by, and being sorry to see a Stranger so gazed upon, asked him whether he had any Acquaintance thereabout or no? Who answered, *Why ask you? Marry, to the End, quoth he, if you have any, they would do well to come and defend you from these Beasts, lest they eat up all your Straw.*

An upstart Gallant was attir'd in Taffety, all over figured with Flames of Fire; which a Gentleman seeing, and knowing his base Parentage, said to them in his Company, *Does not yonder Straw Cottage go in Danger of firing?*

One that for many Years together, was never seen on the Holy-days other than in one Cloak; a Gentleman thus said merrily to him, *Never a Holy-Day but I see Cloaks, but never saw I Cloak of so many Holy-days in all my Life.*

A great Prince, marrying a Gentlewoman of good but not equal Degree, and finding some Emulation betwixt his and her Kindred, caused his Wedding-Suit to be made of Sackcloth cut upon Cloth of Gold, and embroidered between the Cuts this Sentence:

*Cloth of Gold be thou not wrath,
Though thou'rt matched with Sackcloth:
Sackcloth be not thou too bold,
Though thou'rt match'd with Cloth of Gold.*
A Gallant

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A Gallant came to run at the Ring clad in Hair-colour'd Velvet, and over it a Veil of white Taffety, girt close to him *a la Morisco*; whereupon the Emperor *Charles* asking his Jester, *What it was like?* He answered, *Like the Bowels of a Beast wrapt in its Caul.*

Two Felons were adjudged to die, and yet at last, through much Entreaty, it pleased the Judge to order them to the Gallies for seven Years. The Hangman seeing that, stept in and besought the Judge to rid him of his Office, and appoint some other in his Place: Being asked why? he answered, *Because you bar me of my Right.*

Thieves were rifling a Gentleman's House by Night, and the Watch came in with Torches to attack them. One of them, to save himself, struck out one of their Torches, and ran away; but being afterwards apprehended, the Constable said unto him, *Belike, Friend, you are next Heir to the Halter, that you desir'd so much the Death of the Torch.*

A merry Recorder of *London*, being to decide a Quarrel between two Citizens, the one called *Dunscomb*, the other *Cox*; and understanding what a paltry Matter it was, he thus jestingly said unto them, *Sirs, I very well conceive your Case, and thus I sentence it: You, Dunscomb, deliver ye up to Cox all your Comb, reserving only Duns to yourself; so be you still a Duns, and he a Cox-comb.*

A Recorder

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A Recorder of *London*, mistaking the Name of one *Pepper*, call'd him *Piper*; whereunto the Party excepting, and saying, *Sir, you mistake, my Name is Pepper, not Piper*: He answered, *Why what Difference is there, I pray thee, between Piper in Latin, and Pepper in English; is it not all one?* No, *Sir*, replied the other, *there is even as much Difference between them, as is between a Pipe and a Recorder.*

In Regard of the many Chimnies that are now-a-days built in Houses, and the slender Hospitality that is kept, a pleasant Companion said, *That Chimnies are built so cunningly now-a-days, that seldom or never they are seen to fume.*

Fernando, King of *Spain*, came in Progress to the Castle of *Montilla*, which was newly built by one *Don Alonzo de Aguiler*, and saying the Stairs were somewhat too straight for so stately a Building; the Gentleman answered, *And like your Majesty, I never thought so great a Guest should ever have mounted upon them.*

A Householder having unruly Guests allotted him, said unto the Officer, *Believe me, Sir, I am greatly beholding to you for my Guests.* He ask'd him why? *Marry, because*, quoth he, *they are so bad, that I shall be very glad at their Departure.*

One said to his Guest, *Methinks you drink very little Wine; if all the World drunk no more than you, Wine would be very cheap.*

Not

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Not so, answered the other, rather would it be very dear, for I assure you, I drink as much as I can.

In *Christmas* Holidays the Servants of a Gentlewoman were making merry, and had sent for a Fidler. When they had danc'd 'till they were weary in the Hall, they went into the Kitchen to eat Plumb-Porridge, Mince-Pies, and other good Fare. The Fidler, when he went with the Servants into the Kitchen, had left his Fiddle on the Hall Table; and, while they were all feasting, a poor silly Fellow came into the Hall. On seeing the Fiddle, he goes up to it, and says, *Ah! poor Thing! thee mayest well be dumb, when you have got Nothing to eat; but I'll fetch you Something, and then you may be merry as well as they.* He then ran into the Kitchen, and return'd with a Porringer of Plumb-Porridge, which he pour'd into the Sound-Holes with a Spoon. The Porridge being hot, unglew'd the Fiddle; and he, being surpriz'd at seeing it fall to Pieces, ran into the Kitchen, and cry'd out, *Ecod, I have done it! I have done it indeed! Done it! Why, what have you done?* said the Servants. *Why,* reply'd the silly Fellow, *I have fed yonder Thing, that made ye all so merry, with Plumb-Porridge, and it has eat 'till it has burst its Belly.*

A young Gentlewoman married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful

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ful Estate, and was reduced to some Streights, said very innocently to him one Day ; *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly.* Z——ds, *Madam,* replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day ?*

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every Thing in common between them. One was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money ; hereupon the other was always Purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by ; for the former would often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent this, he bethought himself of a Stratagem ; and, coming the next Day among his Companions, bragg'd how he had bit his Comrade. *Ay, how ?* said they. *Why,* replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night ; and, I am sure, he will never look for it there.*

A droll Fellow told a Miser, That if he would give him but a Load of Faggots, he would tell him how one Log of Wood should keep him warm all the Winter. The Miser, after computing how much it would save him in Firing, consented. The Fellow said, *Take a large Log of Wood, and throw it out of your upper Room Window into your Garden ; then run down Stairs, and bring it up again. Do this as often as you find yourself cold, and I warrant it will warm you.*

Diogenes

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Diogenes begging, as was the Custom of many Heathen Philosophers, asked an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, *I see you know your Business; where you find a generous Person, you will make the most of him.* No, said *Diogenes*, but *I design to beg of the Rest again.*

We commonly say, second Thoughts are best; and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One ask'd a Girl, if she would have him? *Faith!* No, John, says she; *but you may have me, if you will.*

An Oxford Vintner, complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, though he had laid in a large Stock very lately: *No Wonder,* says the Fellow, *for all those that were Measure you broke, and all that were not Measure the Scholars have broke.*

A Country 'Squire ask'd a Merry-Andrew, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason,* says he, *as you do; out of Want.* You do it for Want of Wit, I for Want of Money.

A noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? *Really,* said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future, without thinking upon your Lordship.*

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A Countryman, sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of them call'd to him with an insolent Air; *Well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour.* To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing Hemp.*

The late Colonel Charters, reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, If such a Thing as a good Name could be purchased, he would freely give Ten Thousand Pounds for it. The Nobleman said, It would be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. *Why so?* says the Colonel. *Because,* replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

A Country 'Squire, being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cried out, *Where is the Blockhead?* Upon your Shoulders, said the Lady.

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady; who, being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy, resolutely answered, I have hid him. This frank Confession drew her before the King; who told her, Nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture. *And will that do, Sir?* says the Lady. *Yes,* replied the King; *I have given my Word for it.*

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it. Then, says she, I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him. Which surprising Answer charmed her Enemies, and turned aside the King's Resentment.

A Quaker was going to visit some of his Friends and Brethren; and, as he was going, he met with a Misfortune. However, he trudg'd on; and, when he came to the Place where he appointed to meet them, he said, Friends and Brethren, there are some Things that I know, and ye know not; and there are some Things that ye know, and I know not; and there are some Things that neither you or I know not. As I was coming to see ye, in crossing a Stile, I tore my Breeches; this I knew, and ye knew not: What ye will give me towards paying for mending of them, that ye know, and I know not: And what the Knave of a Taylor will have for mending them, that neither you or I know not.

A Person having two very wicked Sons, one of whom robbed him of his Money, the other of his Goods, and his Neighbours came in to condole his Misfortune; when one of them told him, He might sue the Hundred for the Loss, as he had been robb'd between Son and Son.

A Dyer, in a Court of Justice, being ordered to hold up his Hand, which was all Black; Take off your Glove, Friend, said the Judge to him.

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him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord, answered the Dyer.*

The Corporation of *Bath*, in Honour to Mr. *Nash*, placed a full Length Statue of him in the Pump - Room, between the Busts of *Newton* and *Pope*; upon which Occasion was wrote the following severe and witty Epigram:

*Immortal Newton never spoke
More Truth, than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a Joke
Severer on Mankind.*

*The Picture plac'd, the Busts between,
Adds to the Satire Strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full Length.*

An intimate Friend of Beau *Nash's* having greatly hurt his Constitution by Irregularities, and particularly by Drinking and late Hours, *Nash* cautioned him to leave off his irregular Conduct in Time; and, above all, to avoid excessive Drinking and sitting up late. The Gentleman took this Advice kindly, and observed it pretty well; but it happened one Night, that the Company were more than ordinary agreeable; and, when it grew late, *Nash* got up to go, and jogged his Friend for that Purpose. Upon which the Gentleman said, *Faith, Nash, I have observed your Lesson a good while; but the Company is now so agreeable, that my Resolution is quite gone, and I must stay.*

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stay. I ask your Pardon, Sir, replied Nasir; I am sure, if your Resolution is gone, it is Time for you to go too; and so hurried him off.

A Spaniard travelling on the Way, alighted at a poor Inn, and they asked him his Name. He answered, *Don Pedro Gonzales Gayeta de Guevara*: Whereunto they replied, *Sir, we have not Meat enough for so many.*

One preferred War before Peace; and his Reason was, *Because that in War the Fathers bury their Sons, but in Peace the Sons their Fathers.*

A Soldier was telling that in a Battle in which he was, the Enemy's Arrows were so numerous in the Air, that they darkened the Sun over them: Whereunto another answered, *Then you had the Odds, to fight with them in the Shade.*

On a Plain all covered over with Snow, a Captain seeing a Soldier march in his Doublet and Hose, with a Pike on his Shoulder, all in a Sweat, asked him how, in so cold a Day as that, and but in a thin Doublet and Hose, he could possibly sweat so? The Soldier answered, *Marry, Captain, if you carried all your Goods upon your Back at once as I do, I warrant you, you would sweat as well as I.*

In the Combat between *Phillipine*, the Duke of Savoy's Bastard-Brother, and Monsieur *Crequi*, *Phillipine* was run quite through the Body and nail'd to the Earth; which done, *Crequi* bad him

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him beg his Life or lose it. *You are a Fool*, answered *Phillipine*, *to bid me ask what you cannot give.*

A *Spanish* Soldier challenged an *Italian* Gentleman to the Field, whereunto the *Italian* excepted in respect he was a Gentleman; Nevertheless, he said, *I have a Boy that shall fight with thee in the Right of my Quarrel, where ever thou darest to appoint.* The *Spaniard* hereunto thus answered, *Let that Boy come; for Boy, or Base, however he be, I will reckon him thy Better.*

A gouty Gentleman challenged to run with one for a Wager; *What Wager?* said the other. He answered, *For Humours.*

A Gentleman of *Henry* the Eighth's Privy-Chamber, having got Leave to travel, and being return'd Home, the King demanded of him divers Questions, concerning his Travels; amongst the rest, he asked him if he had seen the City of *Venice*; he answered, *Yes, my Liege.* Then the King demanded, of what State and Beauty it was? He reply'd, *That truly he had taken little Notice thereof, for he had but only galloped Post through it by Night, and so departed.*

A Mastiff Dog flew upon a Passenger, and he with the Pike of his Staff ran him into the Guts, and killed him. The Owner of the Dog hereupon commenced his Action against the Party, and the Matter being brought to the upshot,
the

the Judge asked him why he did not rather strike the Dog with the Wood-end of the Staff, then with the Pike? He answered, *And like your Honour, he flew at me with his Teeth, not with his Tail.*

Don John de Figueroa us'd to say, *That he that evermore alledgeth in his Conversation other Mens Sayings, is like a gouty Nail, that cannot enter the Wood except an Auger make the Way before.*

A Nobleman travelling into a far Country, and being eight or nine Days Journey on his Way, all hot and purfy as he was, wrote a Letter to his Wife; in which he said, *As for my Health, Wife, I am well, I thank God, hitherto, only I find my Breath somewhat short; insomuch as I dare assure thee if ever I die, it will be for want of Breath, and nothing else.*

An Hostler, taking a silly Gentleman's Boots down to make clean, the Gentleman said unto him, *I pray thee, Fellow, let my Boots alone, for the old Dirt will serve to keep out the new.*

Two Travellers exchanged Horses one with another; and, when they had done, the one of them said, *Now, at a Word, you have as errant a Fade as ever went on four Legs, for he is Founder'd, he hath the Scratches, he is Broken-winded, &c.* The other answered, *Then have I but mine own again, for I'll warrant the other every Way as bad.*

One

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One travelling, on a frosty Morning, through a Country Village, was set upon by a Mastiff. He, stooping for a Stone to throw at him, and feeling it hard frozen to the Earth, said, *A Pox on the Country were the Stones are tied, and Dogs let loose.*

Don Juan de Arbina used to say, *That such as report News of strange Countries, are like Vagabonds, whose Garments consist rather of Patches, than of any principal Piece.*

A Passenger at Sea feeling his Stomach rise, said unto the Master of the Ship, *I pray hold still the Ship awhile, 'till I vomit.*

A Ship sailing towards Peru, a mighty Storm arose and endangered it; whereupon the Captain charged every Man to throw into the Sea, the heaviest Thing he could best spare, to lighten the Ship. A Passenger that had his Wife there, offered then to throw her over-board, but the Company rescued her: And, being asked what he ailed so to do; he answered, *She is the heaviest Thing I have, and I can best spare her.*

One advised his Friend to pass along by Sea from Newcastle to London; affirming that, with a good Wind, he might arrive there both sooner than by Land, and with Half the Charge. The other answer'd, *No, I like not to ride upon a Horse that goes an End, and that I cannot alight from whenever I please.*

One

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One would needs prove that Men now-a-days are wiser than Men of old Time: And his Reason was, *Because they could remedy Evil only with Good; but Men, now-a-days, can remedy one Mischief with another.*

One asked *Machiavel* how he might do, never to be deceived; He answered him, *You must never trust any Person.*

Domitian would say, *the only Way to win the Romans Hearts, was to promise all Things, and perform nothing.*

Philip, Duke of *Burgundy*, was used to say, *Of great Personages speak neither Good or Bad: For if you speak Good of them, perhaps thou believest them; if Evil, thou may'st repent it.*

A Politician, advising a young Gentleman to deal doubly, and dissemble twenty Manner of Faces in the Affair he had in Hand. He answered, *That one good Face is worth twenty bad ones, and a great deal easier to represent.*

One *Henry Goldingham*, that had long sued to her Majesty for her Signet to his granted Suit, and her Majesty still saying that she had no Pen and Ink at Hand to do it; at last he humbled his Bill to her Highness's Foot, and said, *May it then please your Majesty but to step your Royal Foot hereupon, and I myself will then warrant it for Good.* Her Majesty so well liked of such his merry Conceit, that presently calling for Pen and Ink, did deign to sign it.

Of

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Of one that had married a foul Woman, with a rich Portion, another said, *That he took her meerly by Weight, without Fashion.*

A Gardener being to be hang'd, his Wife came to give him her last Kiss at the Gallows. To whom he said, *Fie on thee, Baggage, thus are we like to thrive well at the Year's End: There cannot be a Meeting in all the Country, but still thou wilt be sure to make one. Home and weed, Home and weed, with a very Vengeance.*

A Gentleman advised his Friend to chuse a Wife rather with his Ears, than with his Eyes.

A Woman, in her Anger, said, *What, I pray ye, do you doubt of my Honesty?* No, answered the other, *for it never stood in my Way.*

A Servant Girl, being in great Pain, told her Mistress she had got the Cholick. Her Mistress sent for a Physician, who, looking earnestly at her, said, *Be of good Cheer, Wench, for I'll warrant thee within these few Weeks you shall have the Cause of your Pain in your Arms.*

King Edward the Fourth was wont to say, *That a Woman's greatest Difficulty is, to hold her Peace.*

A rich Man had a Daughter about thirty Years old, who found herself greatly aggrieved that he had not all that while provided her a Husband. Upon a Time, he invited to Dinner to him his five Sons, who were all married in the same
Town.

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Town. Now this stale Maid, their Sister, hop'd that such their Meeting was purposely to determine upon a good Husband for her; but it fell out otherwise, for, after Dinner, the Father said thus unto them, *Sons, I have bid you all to Dinner To-day, to the End that every one of you resolve me, where you mean to be buried when you die, or whether you think it not best that I build a Tomb for us all together?* The eldest Son, said, *For my Part, Father, I desire to be buried in the Parish Church where I chance to die;* and so the rest, in a Row, all as they thought good. At last when they had all said, the Father turn'd him about to his Daughter, and asked her where she would be buried? She answered, *Faith, no where, Father, for I am like to die desperate; and for such as die so, well you know, the Church allows them no Burial at all.*

A Gentleman being booted and spur'd ready to take Horse, came to take his Leave of his Mistress; who answered, *Well may you ask me Leave for the next Time, for at this Time you have taken it of yourself.*

A Theban Lady, having slain one of *Alexander's* best Soldiers, was adjudged to die, both her and her whole Family; whereupon first was executed before her Face her Children, at which she seemed not to be moved. In the End came her dear Companion *Campaspe*, to die; whose

K

Death,

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Death, when she saw, she burst into a Flood of Tears: At which *Alexander* ask'd her, *Why, with such Patience, she took the Death of her Children, and with such Grief the Death of a Stranger?* She answered, *That the Death of her Children had made an entire Imposthume of her whole Body, so that no Passage was able to utter it, 'till the Pity for her Friend came and broke it, making it overflow in such immeasurable Fashion.*

One being asked why he was so envious against Women, considering that so many good Authors have from Time to Time wrote whole Volumes in their Praises? He answered, *They wrote what Women ought to be, but I say what they are.*

The Earl of *Urenia* used to say, *That the virtuous Life of a Widow bridles the wicked Tongue to Silence, and spurs the Virtuous to commend her.*

A kind Wife followed her Husband to the Gallows, and he requesting her not to trouble herself any farther; she answered, *Ah! yes, dear Husband, now that I have brought you thus far on your Way, Faith I'll see you hang'd too, God willing.*

One commending a proper Woman who was an errand Shrew, and withal very talkative, said, *She is even as gallant a Woman as ever I set Eye on all but her Tongue.*

A poor

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A poor Musician's Hose hung loosely about him for want of Points, and playing on a Time upon a Bandore, before many Gentlemen, he did it very well, and to all their good Likings: Whereupon one of them said merrily unto him, *Faith, Fellow, playing so many good Points upon thy Instrument as thou doest, bestow one upon thy Hose.* He answered, *Your Worship having found that Point, I beseech you bestow it upon me.*

A bad Painter, that never drew a good Picture in all his Life, found small Thrift in his Trade, for want of Utterance of his rude Shapes, and went to dwell in another Place where he was not known, and there took upon him the Practice of Physick, and was the Death of many a one. At last an Acquaintance of his, coming to that Town, chanced to see him; and asking him, what he did in a Physician's Robe, and why he had given over his old Trade? He answered, *Faith, I am now become as you see, to the End the Earth may bury all my Ignorance and Errors hereafter.*

A Physician, riding over *Shooter's-Hill*, in *Kent*, was afraid of Thieves, and by Chance saw a far off a Troop of People before him. Whereupon he bid his Man ride towards them, to discover what they were, and in the mean Time he hid himself close behind a Bush.

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The Fellow coming unto them, understood that they conducted a Murderer to Execution: Whereupon, being a mad Knave, he straight set Spurs to the Horse, and galloped back again amain toward his Master, still beckoning unto him all the Way as he posted to be gone, and shift for himself: Which the Doctor perceiving, away he rides again towards *London*, as though he had had a Devil at his Tail. Being alighted at his Inn, he there attended his Man's coming, who presently arriv'd, all panting and blowing, and said unto him, *Happy you, Master, that are so well escaped; Gad's Nouns, he to be hanged for killing only one Man! what would they have done with you, I trow, who have slain so many in your Days?*

The Cardinal Don *Pedro Gonzales*, being eighty Years old, a Servant of his as old, or rather older than himself, besought him to bestow on him an Office which was lately fallen into his Grant: Whereunto the Cardinal answered, *That he was sorry he had spoken so late, because he had already granted it to another; and promised that the next that fell, he should certainly have it. Oh, my good Lord,* reply'd the Servant, *but what Thing in this World can sooner fall void than your Grace or I?*

An *Italian* Captain, in the Low-Countries, besought the Duke of *Parma* in an unreasonable Suit,

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Suit, which the Duke refused him, and he humbly thanked his Highness for it: Whereat his Friends, who were by, wondering, he said: *Even humble Thanks for that his Excellence hath so speedily dispatch'd me.*

A young Nobleman in *Spain*, suing a Duke for his Dutchy, in the Midst of all the Law fell in Love with a very mean Gentlewoman, whose Name was *Blanke*, and married her forthwith: Whereat his Father was in great Chafe, and said, *The Fool suing for the Dukedom, would he be pleased with a Blanke!*

A mean Soldier, suing unto *Alexander* for a Reward, he gave him a City; and the Soldier told him it was too great a Gift, for his Merit had not deserved such a Recompence: *Sir*, said *Alexander*, *I do not look what is fit for you to have, but what is meet for me to give.*

A reverend Person besought a *Largeſſe* of a Prince for a Friend of his, and the Prince refused it him; he nevertheless still entreated, and it would not be: At last, humbling himself upon his Knee at the Prince's Foot, with much Entreaty he obtained it. Many Gentlemen standing by, condemn'd him for it, considering his Gravity and Wisdom; and told him, that he had therein greatly discredited his Reverence and Magnanimity. He answered, *That is not my Fault, Gentlemen, but the Prince's; whose Ears, as you see, are in his Heels.*

K 3.

A Lady

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A Lady had an unthrifty Son, and she being to take Water on a Time, and seeing the Billows rough, and the Wind high, said unto him, *Son, if I drowen To-day, pray thee play not away my Cloaths 'till I be buried.*

One used to say, *That Dice and purging Pills were of like Nature; for that a little of the one purgeth a Man's Paunch thoroughly, and a little of the other a Man's Purse.*

One dispraised Dice, and said, *That Dicers are worse than Usurers; for that they, with a Hundred, get but Ten; but Dicers, with Ten, perhaps get a Hundred.*

A Captain and a Merchant play'd at Dice, and the Captain lost, and swore lustily ever and anon. At last, having lost all, he snatched it all away from the Merchant again: Whereat the Merchant, amazed, said, *Captain, If you meant I should not carry away any Winings, what ailed you to swear and rage so at every Word?*

A Moor, viewing the Bull baited with Darts in an inclosed Compass of Ground, where both the Bull and the Men fought loosely and in Danger, a Spaniard asked him how he liked that Sport? He answered, *Too little for Earnest, and too much for Jest.*

It was discoursed at the Table of Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, whether Physicians were necessary in a Common-wealth, Yea or No; some affirming that *Rome*, being six hundred Years and
odd

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odd without them, the Citizens lived in good Health, and were lusty, and therefore that they might very well be spared. *Not so*, said the Pope, *rather are they right necessary in my Opinion, for without them the World would increase so fast, that one could not live by another.*

An extremely lean Gentleman used to ride on a very fat Horse; and, as he was coming towards London, two Women met him. One of them, after looking at him for some Time, call'd out to the other, Moll! Moll! *what do you think that Gentleman does? I don't know*, replies Moll. *Why*, says the other, *he starves himself to feed his Horse.*

When the Army of Lewis the Fourteenth of France was encamped in Flanders, during his War with the Confederates, the King used sometimes to reside at the Head-Quarters himself. It happened, that a very fine Horse, which he had lately purchased, was exercised before his Tent, and among others who had gathered round him was a Corporal, who having been that Afternoon too free with *Aqua Vitæ*, was become as great a Man as his Majesty. He had strolled up to the Spot, and getting within the Circle put himself into an Attitude of Consequence. After having some Time made his Observation with the Air of a profound Connoisseur, he thrusts a Quid of Tobacco into his Mouth, and swore it was as fine a Creature as
ever

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ever he saw, and as well broke; then, tottering up to the Groom who had been riding it, and just dismounted, ask'd him, Who was the Owner? At this Moment the King came out from his Tent; and, overhearing the Corporal's Question, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteously, That the Horse was his. The Corporal made his Majesty a slight Compliment, by moving his Hat; and then, setting his Arms akimbo, told him, That his Reason for asking was, that he had taken a Liking to the Horse, and was inclined to buy it. The King said, He had no Intention to sell it; but, if it would oblige him, he would treat him on the same Spot the next Morning. The Corporal thrusting out his Hand, cried, *A Match*; to which the King consented, and rode off, giving private Orders that no Punishment should be inflicted upon the Corporal, but that he should be brought before him the next Morning. In the Morning, when the poor Fellow was told what had passed, and conducted to the King's Tent, he was seized with a dreadful Panic, lest his Insolence and Drunkenness might cost him his Life. Into the Presence, however, he was carried: And the King, who intended only some Sport, ask'd him, If he was the Man that would last Night have bought his Horse? No, *and please your Majesty*, says the Fellow, *that Man went away at Three o'Clock*
this

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this Morning. Did he so? said the King (who understood that at Three o'Clock Sleep had substituted a sober Man for one that was drunk) *I am very glad that I have got so sensible and decent a Person as you are in his Stead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I see him, I shall certainly resent his Behaviour.*

A Countryman, hearing the Post-Boy had been lately robb'd, and having Occasion to send a Bank Note for Fifty Pounds to *London*, was advis'd to cut it into Two Parts. This he did; but, instead of sending them by the Post at different Times, he put them into two Letters, and sent them both by the same Post, directed to the same Person; acquainting his Correspondent, in both his Letters, That he cut the Note into Two Parts, *for fear the Mail should be robb'd.*

A *Cantabrigian*, being arrived in Town, went to a Tavern in *Fleet-Street*, in order to send for a Friend and sup; but, being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the Waiter fetch him a little Porter immediately: Upon which the Lad ran to the *Temple*, and presently returned, introducing a little Man, a Ticket-Porter; telling the Gentleman, he was the least Porter he could meet with.

Mr. *Congreve*, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they pass'd by *Peterborough - House* at *Mill - bank*, *That*
House

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House had sunk a Story. No, Friend, says he, I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, applied to Mr. Rich; who desired him to speak some Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very disagreeable Manner, *To be, or not to be, that is the Question.*—*Not to be,* says Rich; and so left him to rant by himself.

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Caesar*, of the Wounds he had receiv'd in his Face. *Caesar*, knowing him to be a Coward, said, *He had best take Heed the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.*

A French Beau, coming to a fine Inn in London, calls for a Pennyworth of Bread, a Pennyworth of Cheese, and a Pennyworth of Beer, and then goes to Bed. In the Morning, calling for about the same Quantity for his Breakfast, demanded what was to pay. The Man of the House, seeing he made a genteel Appearance, makes a reasonable Bill of Ten Shillings, and carries it into Monsieur; who, having perus'd it, told him, 'Twas a great deal of Money; but if you must have Ten Shillings, Ten Shillings you shall have, though the House be much troubled with Rats, that I had no Sleep to Night. The Inn-keeper told him, What he said was true, and would give
any

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any Thing to get rid of them; which the Frenchman, for a Bottle of Wine, undertook to cure; and, after drinking the Wine, Now, says he, *call all de Rats into dis Room, and make dem every one a Bill of Ten Shillings, and dey never trouble your House again while dey live.*

One, who fancied he was a Wit, said to a Physician, *Doctor, what can I do with my Tongue, for it often brings me into Difficulties? Notwithstanding which, I had rather lose my Friend, than my Joke.* Sir, reply'd the Physician, a little piqued at the Question, *there is nothing easier to cure: 'Tis only having your Tongue cut out; and then you may keep your Friend, and sleep in a whole Skin.*

An old Woman, that had never seen a Monkey in her Life before, and coming to Bedford-Market, saw one riding on a Dog's Back, and the Dog running away with him. Says she, *I am afraid that young Gentleman will fall by and by, he rides so fast.* And when she saw he did not, then she cried out, *Well rid, young Gentleman! well rid, young Gentleman! in Truth he's a good Horseman!*

A simple Fellow walking in the Fields alone, came at last to a Ditch; and, making a Pause, Now, Robin, says he to himself, *what dost thou think, canst thou leap over this Ditch, or no? In Faith,* said he to himself, *I cannot tell; but*
if

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if thou wilt, Robin, I will lay a Crown I do. A Match. And so he prepared himself to leap; and, taking a good Run, had the Advantage of the Bank, he leaped quite over. *Ah, Boy,* said he, *there's your Crown.* But now, Robin, *wilt thou lay another, that thou canst leap back?* *Faith that's very difficult; nevertheless, hang it, I have won a Crown, I will venture it that I do.* Then taking a good Run, he leaps just into the Middle, up to the Waste, in Mire and Water; but crawling out on the other Side, *Hang it,* reply'd he, *I don't much care, I have neither won or lost.*

One passing by a Poulterer's Shop, and seeing an exceeding fat Swan lying on the Stall, said to his Companion, *I wish that Swan was mine.* *Why,* said the other, *what would you do with it, if it were?* *Marry,* reply'd he, *I would make a Goose Pye of it.*

An *Irishman*, on Board a Man of War, was desired by his Mess-mate to go down and draw a Can of Beer: *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. *Arrah! by my Shoul,* says he, *and so while I am gone into the Cellar, to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail, and leave me behind.*

A famous Wit of *France* coming to pay his Court to *Lewis* the Fourteenth, one at *Ver-sailles* meeting him, *Rare News for you,* says he; *the King has made you Governor over his*
-Hogs

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Hogs and Monkies. Then, said the Wit, Pray, Sir, prepare yourself to obey my Commands, for you are one of my Subjects.

An *Irishman* was asked, Whether he, or his Brother, were oldest? *I am oldest*, said he; but if my Brother lives three Years longer, we shall be both of an Age.

A Gentleman married with a Cockney, and being desirous to shew her the Country, as they were going through a Meadow, there was a Tree, upon one of the Boughs of which a Mole-catcher had hanged up many Moles that he had taken: The young Woman seeing it, said, Look you, Husband, what a fine young Black-Pudding Tree is here!

An *Irish* Servant being struck by his Master, cried out, Devil take me, if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am dead, it will afford me great Satisfaction to hear the old Rogue was hang'd for killing me.

One of the Canons of *St. Paul's*, being in Company with some Ladies, let fall his Handkerchief; and in stooping to pick it up again, he happen'd to break Wind backwards. Bless me, Ladies! cried one of them, I believe 'tis his Majesty's Birth-Day, for I think I hear one of the Cannons at *St. James's*. No, Madam, answered another Lady, then present, I am sure

L

'tis

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'tis not so far off as St. James's, for I can smell the Gunpowder.

One of the Comedians walking down Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, saw a poor miserable Object asking Charity. He stopp'd and reliev'd him, saying, at the same Time, *This Man must either be in very great Distress, or a very good Actor.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings; *How is it possible,* said she, *that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

A Sea Captain, being just come a-shore, was invited by some Gentlemen to a Hunting-match. After the Sport was over, he gave his Friends this particular Account of what Pastime he had: *Our Horses being compleatly rigged, we manned them; and the Wind being at S.W. Twenty of us being in Company, away we set over the Downs. In the Time of Half a Watch we spied a Hare under a full Gale. We tacked and stood after her; coming up close she tacked, and we tacked, upon which Tack I had like to have run aground; but getting close off, I stood after her again: But, as the Devil would have it, being just about to lay her a-board, bearing too much Wind, I and my Horse over-let, and came Keel upwards.*

An eminent Counsellor at Law being retained in an Affair of a Mortgage, did his utmost in
Behalf

A Collection of JESTS. 123

Behalf of his Client, and supported his Cause with great Eloquence. But a remarkable Circumstance appearing in the Course of the Evidence, which proved his Client to be a very bad Man, the Judge could not help saying to the Counsellor, *Well, Sir, what think you of your Client now?* To which the Counsellor replied; *Why, to tell you the Truth, my Lord, I find it is not my Client's Interest to pay the Principal, and I am afraid he has not Principle to pay the Interest.*

In the Time of the Wars between the Duke of Marlborough's Army and the *French*, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, it was a constant Practice with the *French* Court to cause Illuminations and Bonfires to be made in *Paris*, after every Battle, whether their Army got the Victory or not, in order to keep up the Spirits of the People. And once, when the *English* had totally defeated the *French*, and great Illuminations were made as usual; a Marshal of *France* merrily said, *By my Honour, the People of our Nation are like Flint Stones, the more you beat them the more Fire they make.*

A Lady order'd her Butler to be saving of an excellent Run of Small Beer, and ask'd him how it might be best preserv'd? *I know of no Method so effectual, my Lady,* replies the Butler, *as placing a Barrel of good Ale by it.*

L-2

A High-

124 *A Collection of* JESTS.

A Highwayman presenting a Blunderbuss to a Gentleman in a Chariot, demanded his Money with the usual Compliment. The Gentleman readily surrendered his Purse, containing about Sixty Guineas, and told the Highwayman, That for his own Safety, he had better put the Robbery upon the Footing of an Exchange, by selling him the Blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. *With all my Heart*, says the Highwayman, and gave it to the Gentleman, who instantly turn'd the Muzzle towards him, and told him, If he did not redeliver his Purse, he would shoot him. *That you may if you can*, replied the Highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded*; and rode off very coolly with his Booty.

A Poet, having lampooned a Nobleman, was one Night in his Way Home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious Wit. Upon which he applied to the Duke of Orleans, who was then Regent, and begg'd him to do Justice in the Affair. *Sir*, replied the Regent, smiling, *it has been done already*.

King Henry the Eighth appointing a Nobleman to go on an Embassy to Francis the First at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd; saying, Such a threatening Letter, to so hot a Prince as Francis the First, might go near to cost him his Life. *Fear not*, says the King, *if the French King should take away*
your

your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many Frenchmen, now in my Power. But of all these Heads, reply'd the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.

One said an Eel was the longest lived of all Creatures; for it *lived longest after it was dead.*

A Welchman, seeing his Master tearing some Letters, *Pray, Sir, give hur one, says he; no Matter which, to send to hur Friends, for they have not heard from hur a great while.*

Beau Nash was one Evening employ'd in collecting Money for the Bath Hospital. A Lady entered, who was more remarkable for her Wit than her Charity; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a Pat with her Fan, and said, *You must put down a Trifle for me, Nash, for I have no Money in my Pocket. Yes, Madam, says he, that I will with Pleasure, if your Grace will tell me when to stop:* Then taking an Handful of Guineas out of his Pocket, he began to tell them into his White Hat, One, Two, Three, Four, Five. *Hold! Hold!* says the Dutches, *consider what you are about! Consider your Rank and Fortune, Madam, says Nash,* and continu'd telling, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten. Here the Dutches call'd again, and seem'd angry. *Pray compose yourself, Madam, cried Nash, and don't interrupt the Work of Charity;* Eleven, Twelve, Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen. Here the Dutches storm'd, and caught hold of

126 *A Collection of JESTS.*

his Hand. *Peace, Madam, says Nash; you shall have your Name written in Letters of Gold, Madam, and upon the Front of the Building, Madam; Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty. I won't pay a Farthing more, says the Dutcheß. Charity hides a Multitude of Sins, replies Nash; Twenty-one, Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four, Twenty-five. Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my Wits. I——d, I shall die! Madam, you will never die with doing Good; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered Nash, and was about to proceed; but perceiving her Grace had lost all Patience, a Parley ensued: When he, after much Altercation, agreed to stop his Hand, and compound with her Grace for Thirty Guineas. The Dutcheß, however, seem'd displeased the whole Evening; and, when he came to the Table where she was playing, bid him, *Stand farther, an ugly Devil, for she hated the Sight of him.* But her Grace afterwards, having a Run of good Luck, call'd Nash to her: *Come, says she, I will be Friends with you, though you are a Fool; and to let you see I am not angry, there are Ten Guineas more for your Charity.**

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, She had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. *Nay then, Madam, replied the Gentleman, as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority.*

Don.

A Collection of JESTS. 127

Don *Alonso Cartilio*, a *Spanish* Archbishop, his Household Expence was so excessive, that on a Time his Steward telling him, that except he took some more moderate Course of Living, his Rents could not possibly maintain it: *Well*, answered the Archbishop, *set me down then what Mean you would have me observe in this Matter.* Whereunto the Steward replying, *That it might please his Grace to put away all idle Persons, and retain only necessary ones.* *Well*, reply'd the Prelate, *but give me then a Note of such as you judge necessary, and another of the unnecessary.* The Steward did so, and the Morrow after the Bishop commanding all his Household before him into his great Hall, will'd his Steward to set his necessary Servants in a Row by themselves on the one Side, and the unnecessary ones likewise by themselves on the other Side; which being done, he then said unto his Steward, *These necessary ones which you have here placed, I have need of them all; and these others, I tell thee, they have all need of me: Wherefore necessary and unnecessary, I will still retain them all.*

A Bishop sent half a dozen of Capons to an Abbot, and the Bearer eat one of them to his Dinner by the Way: Now when the Abbot had read the Bishop's Letter, which certified that he had sent him six Capons, he then said unto the Messenger, *My Lad, I pray thee tell my Lord*
Bishop

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Bishop I humbly thank his Lordship for five Capons; and, as for the sixth, do thou give him Thanks for it thyself.

A Bishop's Chaplain helping his Lord on with his Rochet, and being somewhat long a drawing on the Sleeves, said the Bishop, *Methinks you are very tedious about this Geer. And like your Grace, he answered, your Sleeves are very straight. Very straight indeed, reply'd the Bishop, for full twenty Years have I travelled to get them on, and 'till this Time could I never attain it.*

A Dominican and a Franciscan Fryar travelling together on the Way, arriv'd at a Brook, where the *Dominican* requested the *Franciscan*, because he was bare-foot, to carry him over the Water on his Back. The *Franciscan* was content, up he took him, and into the Water he went; and being stepped into the Channel, there he paus'd, and said to the *Dominican*, *Tell me, Brother, have you any Money about you.* The *Dominican*, thinking that he aimed thereby at a Consideration for his Pains, answered, *Yea, marry, have I a little, but not much. Much or little, then reply'd the Franciscan, well you know my Order allows me not to carry any Money about me, though you may:* And therefore he let the *Dominican* slip into the Water, and then left him to get out in the best Manner he was able,

A reverend

A Collection of JESTS. 129

A reverend Churchman being done a secret Disgrace, unjustifiable by the Party that did it, and he yet not knowing him, said, *Ab ! poor Despight, that makes the Author peep in his Head for Shame.*

One asked a great Clerk how he might do to become wise ? Who answered, *In Truth, Friend, I can hardly resolve you ; for you still go one Way and Wisdom another, so that I cannot see how you can possibly meet.*

There dwelt a grave Law - Doctor in *Salamanca*, and a Neighbour's Child of his came somewhat early in a Morning to crave a little Fire of him. *Take some, my Boy*, he said ; *but wherein wilt thou carry it ? Marry, Sir*, he answered, *thus* : And with that he laid a Quantity of Ashes upon the Palm of his Hand, and the Coals thereupon, and so went his Way. The Doctor wondered hereat, and swore, that with all the Learning he had, he could not have devised so cunning a Conceit.

A grave Doctor, discoursing unto two vain Gallants upon a Point of natural Philosophy, and one of them saying, that he understood never a Word : He answered, *No Wonder, for empty Barrels never sink down to the Bottom.*

An old Doctor, who had been a Protestant in King *Edward's* Days, a Papist in Queen *Mary's*, and a Protestant again in Queen *Elizabeth's*, seeing a Lady dance a Galliard, commended her dancing

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dancing exceedingly. She answered, *That she knew she danced well, only she was a bad Turner*; hinting at his turning from his Religion.

A thin Slice of Cheese was set before a Scholar; who, as soon as he saw it, laid his Finger upon his Mouth. Being demanded why he did so; he answered, *Lest my Breath should blow it away.*

Several Scholars went to steal Rabbits, and by the Way they warn'd a Novice among them to make no Noise, for fear of scaring the Rabbits away. At last, he espying some, said aloud in Latin, *Ecce Cuniculi multi!* and with that the Rabbits ran into their Boroughs: Wherewith his Fellows offerred, and chiding him for it, he said, *Who the Devil would have thought that Rabbits understood Latin!*

One that had a fair Library, and seldom or ever betook himself to Study, another said unto him, *It seems that you and your Books are at Truce.*

Ronquillio, a Spanish Justice, used to say, *That it is good to hang a Thief of what Age soever he be; a young Thief, to the End he may steal no more, and an old Thief for his former Crimes.*

One coming to a Lawyer for his Advice in Law without a Fee, the Lawyer said unto him, *How will you have your Lamp burn, without Oil?*

One

A Collection of JESTS. 131

One telling an honest Gentleman, that he doubted not but his Friend would speed well in the Law-Matter, having so good a Purse, and so great Friends. The Gentleman answered, *If that be all your Hope, the more is the Pity.*

Two Lawyers met the next Day after the Term, and the one said unto the other, *I am sure you carry full Bags down with you into the Country, having made so good a Harvest of this Term.* Not so, answered the other, rather do I think you have; for your Bags are so Top-full of Fees, that when you throw them down upon the Board, they make no Sound at all, which mine do. The other replied, *Then belike I have the Odds of you in Money, and you of me in Musick.*

Gonzalo Fernandes used to say, *That Soldiers in Peace, are like Chimnies in Summer.*

Diego Garcia Paredes, saying to Gonzalo Fernandes, *May it please your Honour to avoid that dangerous Place, seeing how sore the Enemy play upon it.* He answered, *Since God hath put no Fear into my Heart put you none into my Head.*

Hanibal Gonzago, being in the Low-Countries over-thrown from his Horse by an English Captain, and commanded to yield himself Prisoner, kiss'd his Sword and gave it the Englishman,

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*Engliſhman, ſaying, Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il Speranza me contenta.*

Don Pedro Gonzales ſeeing his Liege at the Battle of *Aliuberto* in Danger to be ſlain, alighted from off his Horſe, and mounted the King thereon, and ſo got him ſafe away : Which after he had done, and placed him in aſſured Safety, he would have returned back again to the Battle, but the King would not ſuffer him. *Pardon me, my Liege,* then ſaid he, *I will go : Never ſhall the Women of Guadalaiaſara ſay, That I train'd up their Sons and Huſbands to the Wars, and have left them dead in the Field, and myſelf ſafe returned Home.*

A *Spaniſh* Captain was ſent to ſkirmiſh a Multitude of Enemies with a few Men, and of thoſe few he took but the Half ; ſaying, *Better yet a few die than all.*

A Soldier came and told his Captain, that he thought ſuch a Fortrefs of the Enemy might be won only with the Loſs of ſome few Men : Whereunto the Captain anſwer'd, *But will you be one of thoſe few ?*

A *Portugueſe* Soldier, marching in a Troop of *Spaniards* againſt the *Moors* unarm'd and weaponleſs, one asked him why he was no better furniſhed. He answered, *Marry, be-
cauſe there are as valiant Men at Foot, as
at Arms.*

A Me:

A Collection of JESTS. 133

A Mechanick of *Spain* went to the Wars, and was shot with an Arrow into the Head. The Surgeon, upon searching the Wound, said, *That he could not possibly live, for that the Arrow had pierced his Brain.* The Mechanick answered, *That cannot be, for I have no Brain at all; had I had Brains, I trow, I had never come to the Wars.*

A young Fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths; one said to him, *Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have put an End to all your Cares.* How so? said the Gentleman. *Because,* reply'd the other, *you have nothing left to take Care of.*

Henry the Fourth of *France*, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer; *Here lies the Body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was.* Then, says the King, *he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers.*

Nash seldom boasted of his Family or Learning; and his Father's Name and Circumstances were so little known, that a certain Doctor us'd frequently to say, *That Nash had no Father.* A Dutcheß, one Day rallying him in publick Company upon the Obscurity of his Birth, compared him to *Gil Blas*, who was ashamed of his Father. No, Madam, replied Nash, *I seldom mention my Father in Company; not because I have any Reason*

132 *A Collection of JESTS.*

*Englishman, saying, Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il Speranza me contenta.*

Don Pedro Gonzales seeing his Liege at the Battle of *Aliuberto* in Danger to be slain, alighted from off his Horse, and mounted the King thereon, and so got him safe away: Which after he had done, and placed him in assured Safety, he would have returned back again to the Battle, but the King would not suffer him. Pardon me, my Liege, then said he, *I will go: Never shall the Women of Guadalaiaara say, That I train'd up their Sons and Husbands to the Wars, and have left them dead in the Field, and myself safe returned Home.*

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A Soldier came and told his Captain, that he thought such a Fortrefs of the Enemy might be won only with the Loss of some few Men: Whereunto the Captain answer'd, *But will you be one of those few?*

A Portuguese Soldier, marching in a Troop of Spaniards against the Moors unarm'd and weaponless, one asked him why he was no better furnished. He answered, *Marry, because there are as valiant Men at Foot, as at Arms.*

A Mer

A Collection of JESTS. 133

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to be ashamed of him, but because he has some Reason to be ashamed of me.

A Gentleman, seeing Beau Nash go out very finely dressed; after the mutual Compliments, asked where he was going? *Going!* says Nash; *why I am going to advertise.* What? says the Gentleman. *Why, myself,* quoth Nash; *for that's the only Use of a fine Coat.*

An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected; the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, That he was better fed than taught. *Very true,* indeed, reply'd the Farmer, *for you teach me, and I feed myself.*

A young Woman in the Country, being invited to a Christening, was told by her Friends that she must not sit among the Company without speaking, lest they took her for a Simpleton; but that she must talk a little, as well as the rest. When she was come, and had sat some Time, she touch'd the Woman who sat next her on the Elbow, and said, *Pray, Goody, had your Mother ever a Child?* *Aye, certainly,* reply'd the Woman, *or how should I be here!* *Bless me!* Goody, says she, *I ask your Pardon; I meant your Grandmother?*

T H E

THE
MERRY MEDLEY:

O R,

*A Collection of Conundrums, Letters,
Riddles, Rebusses, Tales, Songs,
Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c. &c.*

WHY is a Pack of Cards like Newgate?
Because it has Knaves in it.
Why is a Boon-Companion like a Red-Herring?
Because they both make you to drink.
Why is a good Adviser like a lighted Lamp?
Because he is a Guide to our Ways.
Why is a leaky Barrel like a Coward?
Because it runs.
Why is a Book like a Fruit-Tree in Spring?
Because it is full of Leaves.

M 4

Why

Why is a Woman's Tongue like a good Clock?

Because it never stands still.

Why is a red-hair'd Lady like a Band of Soldiers?

Because she bears Fire-locks.

Why is a Man on Horse-back like a Fan?

Because he is mounted.

Why is Swearing like an old Coat?

Because it is a bad Habit.

Why is a Barrel of Beer, almost drawn out, like a Country Waggon?

Because it is tilted.

Why is a bad Pen like a wicked Man?

Because he wants mending.

Why is a Taylor like a Sprout?

Because he will cabbage.

Why is a first Floor like a Lie?

Because it is a Story raised.

Why is a good Cook like a Woman of Fashion?

Because she dresses well.

Why is a fortunate Man like a Straw in the Water?

Because he goes on swimmingly.

Why are Sharpers like Sparrows?

Because they feather their Nests.

Why is a Looking-glass very complaisant?

Because it always does as the Company does.

Why is a Play-Bill like a Coward?

Because it is posted.

Why is a Stair-case like a Back-biter?

Because it rails against you.

Why is a Tavern like a Table?

Because it has Drawers in it.

Why

The Merry Medley.

137

Why is a *Camera Obscura* like underhand Dealings?

Because it makes Men look little.

Why is a Shoe-Maker more charitable than another Man?

Because he's ready to give any Man a Lift.

Why is a Man who keeps a Flatterer like a Beau undress'd?

Because he has a Hanger-on.

Why is a modern fine Lady like a little Boy?

Because she's fond of Hoops and Drums.

Why is a Picture like a fine Woman?

Because its fram'd to please.

Why is a Cunning-Man like a Shoe-Maker?

Because he'll pump you.

Why is a Fiddle-Maker like an Apothecary?

Because he'll send you a Viol in.

Why is a drunken Man like Skittles?

Because he's knock'd down with a Bowl.

Why is a married Woman like a Bear in the Street?

Because she's ring'd.

Why is a Sedan like the World?

Because it is between two Poles.

Which is the Principal Part of a Horse?

The Main Part.

Why are Letters like Sheep?

Because they are folded.

Why is a Fidler like a Man in Amaze?

Because he's at a Stand.

Why is a Man with a bad Memory like a covetous Man?

Because he is for-getting.

M 3

Why

Why is a Watch-Maker like a Gard'ner?

Because he sets Time.

Why is a good Speech like a Penthouse?

Because it's understood.

Why is a Thief like a Knocker?

Because they are ty'd up to prevent Disturbance.

Why is a Sword-belt like a Cow upon a Common?

Because it goes round the Waste.

Why are Lamps like the Thames?

Because they have Lighters.

Why is a Pen like a Beau?

Because its Feather-headed.

Why is the Playhouse like a Punchbowl?

Because its best when full.

Why is a Cook like a Man after a Misfortune?

Because he broils and fries.

Why is a Bedstead like a Wine Vault?

Because it has Sack in.

Why is a Botcher like a Horse?

Because he has a Stall.

Why is a Garter like the Gates of a Warehouse?

Because it holds the Stock-in.

Why is the Thames like a Pudding?

Because it's often plumb'd.

Why is an Apron like Peas?

Because it is gather'd.

Why is a Tradesman, who has left off Business, like a House?

Because his Tile is over.

Why is a Fish-hook like a Bull?

Because it is sometimes baited.

Why

The Merry Medley. 139

Why are Park-Keepers like Free-Masons ?

Because they have Lodges.

Why is a Buttock of Beef like a Traitor ?

Because it goes to Pot.

Why is an Apple like a good Song ?

Because it is encored.

Why is an honest, virtuous Man like a Watch ?

Because he's plain with the Men, and chaste with the Ladies.

Why is an Eye-lid like the Wadding to a Gun ?

Because it covers the Ball.

Why is a bad Gimblet like a Prophecier of ill Events ?

Because it is Auger-ill.

Why is a sleepy Servant like a Warming-Pan ?

Because he's in Bed before his Master.

Why is a rich Farmer like a Man with bad Teeth ?

Because he has a great many Ackers.

Why is a Coward like a Trumpet ?

Because he's often blown before the Company.

Why is an Alehouse the best Comfort for a disappointed Man ?

Because there he'll be sure to carry his Point.

When is a Man sure to have his own Way ?

When he makes his Will.

Why is an honest Friend like Orange-Chips ?

Because he's candid.

Why is an Officer in Flanders more diligent than he is in London ?

Because he's in-tent.

Why

Why are Perch like fine Ladies?

Because *they are often taken with Maggots.*

Why is a little Man like a good Book?

Because *he is often looked over.*

Why is a Pocket-Book like a 'Prentice to a Musician?

Because *its bound for Notes.*

Why is a Smith a dangerous Companion?

Because *he deals in Forgery.*

Why are Coals like poor labouring Men?

Because *they feed the Grate.*

Why is a Pick-pocket like a Bridegroom?

Because *he's generally transported.*

Why is Orpheus always in bad Company?

Because *you never see him without a Lyar.*

Why is a 'Prentice like a Coach?

Because *it's often turn'd over.*

Why is a Man in an Alehouse like the Drop to a House?

Because *he's a Sup-porter.*

Why is Wales like a Neck of Mutton?

Because *'tis craggy.*

Why is a pelted Actor like a Felon at the Old-Baily?

Because *he's glad to get off.*

Why is Harrow on the Hill like a good Artist?

Because *it is above Valley.*

Why is a good Pun like a good Cat?

Because *it requires Paws.*

Why is a peevish Man like a Watch?

Because *he's often wound up.*

Why is Mr. Garrick like an old Maid?

Because *he has no Fellow.*

Why

The Merry Medley. 141

Why is a Fiddle like a Man, who gives Money
to make up a Quarrel?

Because it is for A-tone-meant.

Why are Weather-cocks like the Sea?

Because they wave.

Why is a Peruke-Maker like a Bird-Catcher?

Because he has Variety of Cauls.

Why is boil'd Beef like a Taylor?

Because it's nothing without Cabbage.

Why is a Jew's Harp like a good Dinner?

Because it makes a Man's Mouth Water.

Why is a drunken Man like a Coach Wheel?

Because his Head turns round.

Why is there a bad Audience at the Playhouse
when the Pit is full?

Because it is a pitiful House.

Why is a Candle like a Tobacconist?

Because it makes Snuff.

Why is a fortify'd Town like a Pudding?

Because it's often batter'd.

Why is Ireland like a Bottle of Wine?

Because it has a Cork in it.

Why is a 'Prentice like a Concave-glass?

Because he has an Indenture.

Why is a Beau the Reverse of a Miser?

*Because the Beau shows his Bag, the Miser hides
it.*

Why is a drawn Tooth like a Thing forgot?

Because it is out of the Head.

What Tradesman should a Landlord choose for
his House, who does not like to change often his
Tenants?

A Stay-Maker.

Why

Why does a Tallow-Chandler live better than another Man?

Because *he lives on the Fat of the Land.*

Why is a Playhouse like the Climate of *England*?

Because *there are so many different Airs in it.*

Why is Claret like an Oath?

Because *it binds.*

Why is a Fidler like an *African*?

Because *he lives by his Bow.*

Why is *Richmond* like the Letter *R*?

Because *it is next Kew.*

What is that which every Man feels, enjoys, and yet never sees?

The Air

Why is a Looking-glass like a Philosopher?

Because *it reflects.*

Why are a Turkey and Chine like a disorderly House?

Because *they are often presented.*

What is the best flat Thing?

A Place.

A PUZZLING QUESTION, to try your Wit.

A Certain Marriner transporting 30 Passengers in a Ship, of which 15 were *Christians* and 15 *Jews*, there arose a great Tempest, so that the Ship could not be safe unless Half the Goods and Half the Men were thrown overboard to lighten it; and then they began amongst themselves to debate

The Merry Medley.

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debate and agree after what Manner this should be done. At length they were content that the Master should set them all in a Circle, beginning where he would, and every 9th Man should be thrown overboard, 'till 15 were gone. The Master, willing to spare the *Christians*, so order'd and plac'd them, that every 9th Man was a *Jew*; so the *Christians* were saved, and the *Jews* all lost. Pray how was this done?

The ANSWER.

FIRST he placed them in this Orders, 4 Christians, 5 Jews, 2 Christians, 1 Jew, 3 Christians, 1 Jew, 1 Christian, 2 Jews, 2 Christians, 3 Jews, 1 Christian, 2 Jews, 2 Christians, 1 Jew; and he began to number from the first of the four Christians: As for Example;

CCCC, JJJJJ, CC, J, CCC, J, C, JJ,

CC, JJJ, C, JJ, CC, J.

A N O T H E R.

A Certain Fisherman had three Sons, and having caught a Quantity of Fish, he sent them out to sell them, with this Charge, That they should sell them all at the same Price, and bring Home equally as much Money one as the other, although the one had 50, the other 30, and the third but 10. Pray how could this be done?

The

The ANSWER.

THUS: Having seated themselves in the Market-Place, a Buyer came to the First, and demanded the Price of his Fish; 7 a Penny, quoth he: The Man bought 7 Pennyworth, then he had but 1 left: From thence he went to the Second, who sold them the same Price as his Brother; the Man bought 4 Pennyworth, then he had but 2 left: From thence he went to the Third, who sold them the same Price as the others; he bought 1 Pennyworth, then he had 3 left: From thence he went to the First, and ask'd the Price of his 1 Fish; 3 Pence, quoth he; the Man bought that, and the Money the First had taken came to 10 Pence: From thence he went to the Second, who sold his 2 at 3 Pence a-piece, and 4 Pennyworth before, made his Money 10 Pence: The Third sold his 3 for 3 Pence each; which, with 1 Pennyworth he sold at first, made him 10 Pence: So that they sold them at the same Price, and carried Home equally as much Money.

A LETTER from a Clergyman to a Quaker, who was a Watch-Maker.

From Berwick in Elmot, the Residence of my fleshy Tabernacle, the ninth Day of the sixth Month, in the Year 1706, according to our Computation, where thou mayest be welcome to such Creatures as I have.

Friend,

I Have sent an erroneous Watch to receive thy friendly Correction and Reproof. She hath been long guilty of Lying, and would seldom speak the

the Truth ; so that by her Leasing I have often been deceiv'd, and led into Mistakes. She hath been twice at thy School for Amendment ; but, as yet, hath profited nothing under thy Hands. Thou tellest me, in thy Note, thou hast rectify'd the Center-Wheel, yet the whole Machine goes wrong ; that thou hast clean'd her, yet her filthy Tricks remain ; that thou hast taken out her Bruises, yet the old Sores continue ; that thou hast turn'd the Top of her Teeth, and yet she remains unconverted from her Faults : So that in a Sense literal I may say to thee, O Watchman, thou hast watched in vain, and hast busied thyself to no Purpose !

I tell thee Friend, mark me, I confide much in thy outward Skill and Ability, and hope thy Integrity is equal to them. If these Imperfections proceed from any Defects in the inner Man (I mean the Spring) or from any other Cause, I desire thou wouldst rectify them ; cast the Spirit of Untruth out of her, make her go in the Ways of Truth and Verity, and instruct her to point at that which is right.

I own, thou art worthy of Recompence, when thy Labour profits me. I have once more sent her to thee ; pray enter into a friendly Conference with her, in respect of her Evils. I will board her with thee for some Time, and pay thee for her Table, if thou dost request it of me. Thus committing her to thy friendly Care and Correction,

I remain thy Friend,

GEORGE PLAXTON.

N

RE-

R E B U S S E S.

1. **T**WOU'D discover her Name,
 If the Fair One that charms,
 As Ducks in the Water,
 Shou'd sink in my Arms.

2. **W**HAT expresses four Points, when rightly
 connected,
 Will exhibit a Thing that in War is expected.

3. **W**HAT's warm to the Earth, and in }
 Winter oft seen, }
 What we say of a Thing that is perfectly clean, }
 Will either discover the Damsel I mean.

4. **O**NE Third of a Liquor from *West-India*
 sent,
 With Two of an Answer expressing Consent—
 Will plainly exhibit a small Borough Town,
 In a Maritime County, nigh sixty Miles down.

5. **O**NE Fourth of a Thing we should wisely
 improve,
 With a Pledge that in Wedlock is given the
 Bride,
 Will name you a *Hertfordshire* Town, not above
 Two Miles from the *Buckingham* Side.

6. THE

6. **T**HE Shepherd tunes his rural Lays,
(Which makes his Lambs attentive gaze)
Upon an Instrument divine,
That's nam'd like her I wish was mine.

7. **T**HOU many have Thousands, yet more
they desire,
As Sots us'd to drinking, most Liquor require.
Had I but some Farthings: Ye Gods, grant me
Four!
And I'll be contented, nor wish for one more.

8. **A** Bird, with a Breast that is red,
And a Male in legitimate Bed;
When join'd, like a Man and his Wife,
Will name you the Joy of my Life.

9. **T**AKE the Name of a Circle, the Delight
of a Boy,
Which often encloses what fills us with Joy,
And the Half of a Dyer, will plainly discover,
The Girl who shall ever have me for a Lover.

10. **T**HE Light'ning, Rain, and Thunder,
Declare my Charmer's Name;
Who is her Sex's Wonder,
So Dove-like, mild, and tame.

11. **T**AKE Three-fourths of Harm, and where
Justice is done,
And you'll name my dear Charmer as sure as a Gun.

12. **M**Y Waistcoat, Coat, and Breeches too,
 Expose my Charmer's Name to view ;
 And ev'ry Porter's brawny Thigh,
 Can tell her Name, as well as I.

13. **A**T Eve when the Sun disappears,
 And Darkness proclaimeth 'tis Night ;
 The Name of my Charmer appears,
 And brightens the Streets with its Light.

14. **H**ER Name in Autumn you may view,
 On ev'ry Hazle Tree ;
 Nay, ev'ry single Bough will shew,
 Whom Fate designs for me.

15. **T**AKE One-fourth of a Lark and Two-
 thirds of a Bee,
 And the Name of my Charmer you quickly may
 see.

16. **I** Know a young Lady for Modesty fam'd,
 And on each Side my Face the dear Crea-
 ture is nam'd ;
 And when her dear Name with some Cabbage is
 drest,
 Of all *English* Dinners I like it the best.

17. **T**AKE a Word of Consent, or a Month in
 the Spring,
 It will name you the Lass who can charmingly
 sing.

18. TAKE

18. **T**AKE the Devil's short Name,
And much more than a Yard,
You've the Name of the Dame
I shall ever regard.

19. **O**NE of the softest Things in Nature,
Beareth the Name of my dear Creature.

20. **T**HE Pleasure of the Sportsman's Chace,
The Pledge in matrimonial Case,
With Twenty Hundred Weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my Bride.

SOLUTIONS *to the* REBUSSES.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. M ISS <i>Diver.</i> | 11. Miss <i>Harcourt.</i> |
| 2. N ews. | 12. Miss <i>Button.</i> |
| 3. Miss <i>Snow.</i> | 13. Miss <i>Lamp.</i> |
| 4. <i>Rye.</i> | 14. Miss <i>Nut.</i> |
| 5. <i>Tring.</i> | 15. Miss <i>Lee.</i> |
| 6. Miss <i>Reed.</i> | 16. Miss <i>Cheek.</i> |
| 7. Miss <i>Penny.</i> | 17. Miss <i>May.</i> |
| 8. Miss <i>Robinson.</i> | 18. Miss <i>Nickell.</i> |
| 9. Miss <i>Flooper.</i> | 19. Miss <i>Cotton.</i> |
| 10. Miss <i>Storm.</i> | 20. Miss <i>Harrington.</i> |
-

R I D D L E S.

1. **I** AM a bitter, but a wholesome Good,
 Were but my Virtues better understood;
 For many Things impossible to Thought,
 Have been, by me, to full Perfection brought.
 'The Daring of the Soul proceeds from me;
 With Prudence, Diligence, Activity;
 Sharpness of Wit, and Fortitude I give,
 And better teach the patient Man to live.
 When Men, once strange to me, my Virtues prove,
 'Themselves I make them know, and him above,
 'The Flatt'rer from the Friend I give to know;
 In me a fair Possession lies (but Oh!
 'The Childishness of Men) all me refuse
 Because I'm plain, and gaudy Trifles chuse.
 I'm made the Scorn of ev'ry fopish Fool;
 Insulted, hated, turn'd to Ridicule.

2. **A** Negro I, tho' sprung from northern
 Climes;
 I like a Martyr die, for Merit, not for Crimes.
 Burnt, before I'm born, I rise to Light
 With mangl'd Limbs; no Hands, no Eyes for
 Sight;
 'Thus fly my Country, but not safe in Flight.
 'Trembling thro' Pyrates, Storms and Waves con-
 vey'd,
 In fair *Augusta's* Walls I seek for Aid:
 'There to her Gods I stately Temples raise,
 And court her Citizens a thousand Ways;

Vint

Visit each House, and wheresoe'er I go,
I Brew, I Cook, and all the Drudg'ry do.
In Dungeons dark, in Prison oft I lie,
And then in Iron Cage, like *Bajazet*, I die.

3. I'M a Nymph of about some Five Thousand
Years old ;
With the Quiet, am gentle ; with the Termagant,
scold ;
I dwell in all Countries, yet ne'er seen in any ;
I never knew Language, yet I can speak many ;
I never had Tongue, yet repeat all you say ;
Have no Organs for Sound, yet am heard ev'ry Day :
Am no where ; yet in many Places am found ;
Praise you your Maker, his Praises I'll sound.
I'm always at *Paul's* of a Thanksgiving-Day ;
I swear, without Crime ; without Merit, I pray :
Ranelagh's Circle I haunt ev'ry Night ;
Without me the Musick wou'd yield no Delight :
To *Westminster-Bridge* too I daily resort,
And of loud-tongu'd Waterman often make Sport :
O'er Hills, and o'er Dales, each Moment I fly ;
Each Instant am born, and each Instant I die.

4. COME, tell me the Man, and I'll give you
a Groat,
Who drank up the Liquor, ne'er went down his
'Throat.

5. OF Form most perfect ; of most pleasing
Hue ;
Enduring Substance ; Worth for ever true ;
From

From Dungeon dark, I'm forced through Ordeal
Fire,

Try'd, and condemn'd a Slave to Man's Desire.

A Slave, to varnish Lies with Honour's Air;

A Slave, to make of two fond Fools a Pair;

Man's Purchase; and the Triumph of the Fair. }

Yet boast nor, mortal Tyrants, Man and Woman,

A Purchase, or a Triumph grown so common:

A Purchase, which for Life the Man may rue;

A Triumph, which the Woman may undo.

Behold me, Man, in this a human Brother,

A Slave to, and enslaving one another.

For, made a Property, I'm Tyrant grown;

And those inflave who my Possession own.

Take; try me; all ye Great, ye Proud, ye Fair;

I'll shew what Slaves—Kings, Heroes, Beauties are!

Guess what I am, when farther I alledge }

To Wishes best I set the keenest Edge,

And would be only Truth's and Virtue's Pledge. }

Know, I'm to Happiness alone a Friend:

I've no Beginning, and I know no End.

6. **A** Head and Body large I have,
Stomach and Bowels too;
One winding Gut of mighty Length,
Where all my Food goes through:
But what's more strange, my Food I take
In at the Lower-End;
And all, just like a drunken Rake,
Out at my Mouth I send.

7. **W**HAT Force and Strength could not get
through,
I, with a gentle Touch, can do;

And

And many in the Street would stand,
Were I not, as a Friend, at Hand.

8. **T**HO' big my Belly, long my Nose,
And with one Arm I strut;
I make the Fair their Foes expose,
And keep my own Mouth shut:
They before me their Secrets tell,
The News of all the Day;
And, for my Silence, I'm fed well,
But empty sent away:
Yet tho' they love my Company,
And seem to me so civil;
Sometimes you'd swear, they thought that I
Had Dealings with the Devil.

9. **M**Y proper Title I forsake,
And often that of others take:
Sometimes a King in stately Pride,
With lofty Majesty I stride;
Sometimes with sprightly Nymphs and Swains
I trip it o'er the flow'ry Plains;
Sometimes I fleet aloft in Air,
And oftentimes quite disappear:
In various Shapes I'm known to be,
And Children often start at me.

10. **B**Y my Assistance Merchants speak,
Tho' many Seas asunder;
And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and weak,
And is not that a Wonder?

II. EVER

11. **E**VER eating, never cloying ;
 All devouring, all destroying ;
 Never finding full Repast,
 'Till I eat the World at last.
12. **I**'M in every one's Way, yet no Christian I
 stop ;
 My four Horns ev'ry Day,
 Horizontally play,
 And my Head is nail'd down at the Top.
13. **I** Cannot either eat or drink ;
 I often speak, yet never think :
 I teach Men Lessons how to die,
 And very seldom tell a Lie.
14. **N**OT all that can be sung or said,
 Will aught avail without my Aid.
15. **M**Y Voice is heard a Mile or two,
 I talk so very loud ;
 I speak when Lovers cease to woo,
 And when they wear a Shroud.
16. **I** Daily breathe, yet have no Life,
 And kindle Feuds, yet cause no Strife.
17. **W**HAT's that, which can't be by the
 Miser enjoy'd,
 Tho' his Money and Wit were together employ'd :
 Nor *Amantis*, tho' lov'd to Excess by his Fair,
 When the Fear of a Rival makes him almost despair?
 But

But the Shepherd, who tending his Flock all the
Day,
Views with Pleasure his innocent Lambkins at Play;
'Till, penning his Flock, to the Plain he retires
To his conjugal Nymph, whom he greatly admires;
When she, for the Toils which he bore all the
Day,
With affectionate Smiles all his Labours repay;
'Tis he that enjoys it—I surely may say. }

18. **I** More than Womens Fancies change,
Yet never leave my Post or range.

19. **B**ELIEVE what I say, tho' in my own Case,
Is not either Fable or Lie;
Sleek and round, all that's witty at once I embrace,
Three-corner'd appear to your Eye.
Gold and Silver I wear, when I chuse to be fine,
With Lords and with Ladies I come;
In a Coat black as Jet I commonly shine,
Except when I travel from *Rome*.

20. **I**N a small Cell I live, that is arch'd over
Head,
Not with Stone, Brick or Plaister, Wood, Silver
or Lead:
I am grateful to all, from the Clown to the Prince;
Yet, excepting my Feeling, I want ev'ry Sense.
Tho' sometimes in Dainties and Wealth I abound, }
I'm sometimes so Poor that I lie on the Ground; }
No Liquor or Food in my House to be found. }
I travel as well by the Night as by Day,
And am seldom or ever found out of my Way.

If

If you touch but my Door, tho' I can't see or hear,
 (As already I've said) yet I know you are there :
 If you tap e'er so gently, as I live all alone,
 I straight make all fast, and will open to none.
 For to open my Cell, when with Force you contrive,
 I'm turn'd out of Doors, robb'd, and buried alive.

SOLUTIONS *to the* RIDDLES.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P OVERTY. | 7. A Key. |
| 2. N ewcastle Coal. | 8. A 'Tea-Kettle. |
| 3. Echo. | 9. A Shadow. |
| 4. <i>Monf. Brilà</i> ; who | 10. A Pen. |
| plac'd several Chairs one | 11. Fire. |
| upon another, stood on | 12. A Turnstile. |
| his Head on the Pummel | 13. A Clock. |
| of the uppermost Chair, | 14. Hearing. |
| and, while in that Posi- | 15. A Bell. |
| tion, eat Bisket and | 16. A Pair of Bellows, |
| drank Wine : So the Li- | 17. Contentment. |
| quor went <i>up his Throat</i> . | 18. A Weather-cock. |
| 5. A Wedding-Ring. | 19. A Hat. |
| 6. A Pump. | 20. An Oyster. |

CLOE'S POWER.

'TIS not *Cloe's* piercing Eye,
 Or her smiling,
 So beguiling,
 Or her Shape for which I die ;

NO.

The Merry Medley.

157

No single Charm cou'd dangerous prove ;
No single Grace my Passion move ;
 Had not Nature,
 In each Feature,
Fixt a Shaft of mightiest Love,
Deep, deep, to wound the Heart of *Jove*.

'Tis not *Cloe's* matchless Wit,
 Tho' *Cloe* still
 Has Wit at Will,
Makes me thus myself forget ;
Her Sense could not distract mine so,
Her Prudence make me mine forego,
 Had not Heaven
 To her given
All the Accomplishments of Art,
Ten Thousand Ways to wound the Heart.

The S U R P R I Z E.

New-married *Flora*, with her Friends,
 Regaling round the Fire,
A sudden Burst the Parlour rends :
They start !—the Cause enquire.

When, lo ! a Coal in Pieces flew,
Dissever'd by the Heat ;
And, from Stove, a Cinder threw,
Which fell at *Flora's* Feet.

All on the dire Event reflect ;
And, after much Debate,
It was determin'd to inspect
 This Messenger of Fate.

O

Myra,

Myra, the Secret to explore,
 The sulphurous Fragment view'd ;
 Said, 'twas a *Purse*, foreboding Store
 Of Wealth ; and Mirth renew'd.

Amelia next, with Looks demure,
 The gloomy Form survey'd ;
 Said, " 'Tis a *Coffin*, Miss, I'm sure ;"
 Then sigh'd, and shook her Head.

Stella, in *Coffee-Grounds* well skill'd,
 Now claim'd a farther Sight ;
 Said, " *Milly* caustlets Fears infill'd,
 " She'd set the Matter right."

'Then paus'd, and bid them all advance ;
 To whom with due Respect,
 Says she, " You'll own your Ignorance,"
 " If I the Fraud detect.

" No *Purse*, no *Coffin*, I can find !
 " A *Cradle* strikes my Eye !
 " See there the *Rockers* plac'd behind,
 " And there the *Head* rais'd high.

" Say, *Flora*, are you not with Child ?"
 To prove the Likeness true,
 She blush'd :—at length confessing, smil'd :—
 And pleas'd the Guests withdrew.

The FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A Farmer once to *London* went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his Rent :
He comes—he knocks—soon Entrance gains ;
Who at the Door such Guest detains !
Forth struts the 'Squire, exceeding smart ;
“ Farmer, you're welcome to my Heart :
“ You've brought my Rent then ?——To a Hair ;
“ The best of Tenants, I declare.”
The Stew'rd was call'd, th' Accounts made even,
The Money paid, Receipt was given.
“ Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you shall stay
“ And Dine with me, old Friend, To-day :
“ I've here some Ladies, wond'rous pretty,
“ And pleasant Sparks, I'll war'nt will fit thee.”
He scratch'd his Ears, and held his Har,
And said, “ No, Zur, two Words to that ;
“ For look, d'ye zee, when Ize do Dine,
“ With Gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
“ Ize use to make (and 'tis no Wonder)
“ In Deed, or Word, zome plag'y Blunder ;
“ Zo, if your Honour will permit,
“ Ize with your Zervants pick a Bit.”——
“ Pho, says the 'Squire, it shan't be done,”
And to the Parlour push'd him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not Waiting-Maid or Butler 'scapes.
With often bidding, takes his Seat,
But at a Distance mighty great.
Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,
He nods, nor comes an Inch more near.

By Madam serv'd, with Body bended,
With Knife, and Fork, and Arms extended,
He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
'To Plate that over-hung the Table,
With little Morsels cheats his Chops,
And in the Passage some he drops ;
'To shew where most his Heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.
When drank to in the modish Way,
" Your Love's sufficient Zur," he'd say ;
And to be thought a Man of Manners,
Still rose to make his aukward Honours.
" Pish, says the 'Squire, pray keep your Sitting ;"
" No, no, he cries, Zur, 'tis not fitting ;
" 'Tho' Ize no Scholard vars'd in Letters,
" I knows my Duty to my Betters."
Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
And hearty Laughs go round the Board.
Thus the first Course was ended—well !
But at the next—ah ! what befel !
The Dishes now were timely plac'd,
And Table with fresh Lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
A Wagg, to carry on the Joke,
Thus, to his Servant, softly spoke ;
" Come hither, *Dick* ; step gently there,
" And pull away the Farmer's Chair."
'Tis done ; his Congee made, the Clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down,
But by Posteriors over weigh'd,
And of his trusty Seat betray'd,

As Men at Twigs, in River sprawling,
He catch'd the Cloth to save his falling,
In vain—sad Fortune! down he's wallow'd,
And rattling all the Dishes follow'd.
The Foplings lost their little Wits;
The Ladies squall'd, some fell in Fits.
Here tumbled Turkies, Tarts and Widgeons;
And there Minc'd-Pies, and Geese and Pigeons.
A Pear-Pye on his Belly drops,
A Custard-Pudding met his Chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt Belles and Beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and rub their Cloaths.
This Lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter'd Gown.
One Spark bemoans bespatter'd Waistcoat;
One rot him, cries, he's spoil'd my lac'd Coat.
Amidst the Rout, the Farmer long
The Pudding suck'd, and held his Tongue.
At length he gets him on his Breech,
And scrabbles up to make his Speech;
First scrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Nostril twangs,
Then smacks his Fingers, and harangues:
“Plague tak't—Ize told ye how 'twou'd be,
“Look here's a Pickle, Zurs, d'ye zee;
“And zome, Ize war'nt, that makes this Chatter,
“Have Cloathers daub'd with Greas and Batter,
“That cost”——He had gone on—but here
Was stopt at once in his Career.
“——Peace, Brute! be gone, the Ladies cry.”
The Beaux exclaim, “Fly, Rascal, fly.”——
“I'll tear his Eyes out,” squeaks Miss Dolly:
“I'll pink his Soul out,” roars a Bully.——

At this the Farmer shrinks for Fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Shabs off, and cries, "Ay! kill me then,
 "When e'er you catch me here again."
 So Home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire
 To cool the Sparks and Ladies Ire.
 Well! here ends my Tale; and now I'll try,
 Like *Prior*, something to apply.

This may teach Rulers of a Nation,
 Ne'er to place Men above their Station;
 And this may shew the wanton Wit,
 That whilst he bites, he may be bit.

An EPIGRAM.

YES, every Poet is a Fool:
 By Demonstration *Ned* can show it:
 Happy, cou'd *Ned's* inverted Rule
 Prove every Fool to be a Poet.

A N O T H E R.

AH! grant me, Fair One, all I crave,
 Divided Favours are too small;
 Tho' you are all I wish to have,
 I fondly wish to have you all.
 My want of Merit you may blame,
 Your cold Indifference to subdue:
 The highest Merit that I claim,
 Believe me, is my Love for you.

A N O T H E R.

YOU say I'm false and fickle. No.
 I love another. True.
 I only love another, *C/o*,
 As she resembles you.

An EPIGRAM.

A Reason why we love
Is out of Season,
Unless we first can prove
That Love has Reason.

A N O T H E R.

O N E Day *Gloe* ask'd me to tell her a Lie ;
I vow'd she was handsome, what had I to
fear ?

Civility urg'd me to make a Reply,
Tho' *Gloe* seem'd angry her Praises to hear :
Yet, sure, 'tis no Reason her Anger to raise,
When Falshood conspires her Beauty to praise.

A N O T H E R.

A Ragged Prigg extoll'd himself,
As born of Men of Note ;
Cries *Blunt*, " you've got a Coat of Arms,
" But no Arms to your Coat."

P H Y L L I S ' s A G E.

H O W old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages ?
To answer is no easy Task ;
For she as really got two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on ;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phyllis* is but Twenty-one.

Paint,

Paint, Patches, Jewels, laid aside,
 At Night Astronomers agree,
 The Evening has the Day bely'd,
 And *Phyllis* is some Forty-three.

In Grantham Church-yard.

JOHN *Palfryman*, who lyeth here,
 Was aged twenty-four Year ;
 And in this Place his Mother lies :
 Also his Father, when he dies.

On W I T.

TRUE Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
 Dug from the *Indian Mine* ;
 Which boasts two various Pow'rs in one,
 To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right,
 With the same Gift abounds ;
 Appears at once both keen and bright,
 And sparkles while it wounds.

On an old S C O L D.

SCYLLA is toothless, yet when she was young,
 She had both Teeth enough, and too much
 Tongue ;
 What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say ?
 But that her Tongue has worn her Teeth away.

On an empty C O X C O M B.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come ;
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at Home.

On

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.

DEATH takes the Good, too good on Earth to stay,
And leaves the Bad, too bad to take away.

On an OLD MAID.

ANCIENT *Phyllis* has young Graces ;
'Tis a strange Thing but a true one !
Shall I tell you how ?
She herself makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one ;
Where's the Wonder now ?

On a LADY, wearing artificial Teeth.

THAIſ, her Teeth are black and nought ;
Lucania's white are grown ;
But what's the Reason ? These are bought,
The other wears her own.

On a Man, who killed himself with eating Curds.

Written by his Wife.

HERE lies a Man, who lost his Breath,
By eating Curds !——Oh ! cruel Death !
Had he been rul'd by *Betty* his Wife,
He might have liv'd *all the Days of his Life.*

On a BEAU, who was always looking in a Glass.

HE admires his Cloaths, how elegant they sit,
And spans his Waist, as slender as his Wit.

On

On a pretty L A D Y of ill Temper.

D I D *Celia's* Person and her Mind agree,
What Mortal cou'd behold her, and be free?
But Nature has, in Pity to Mankind,
Enrich'd the Image, and defac'd the Mind.

*On a Painter's bringing home a Sign of a Head to a
Citizen.*

" **L** O R D ! (cries the Cit) the Painter's mad;
" I said a Cross, and not a Head :"
" A Cross, I own (says he) you said,
" The Greatest too that cou'd be made :
" 'Tis there ; for, Sir, upon my Life,
" I know no greater than my Wife."

On a drunken S M I T H.

I Heard that *Smug* the Smith
For Ale and Spice,
Sold all his Tools——
And yet he kept his Vice.

An E P I T A P H.

N O T born, not dead, not christ'n'd, not begot,
So here she lies that was, and that was not ;
She dy'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more,
Was in her Life not honest, not a Whore :
So here behold a Wonder rarely wrought,
That whilst you seem to read, you read it not.

A N O T H E R.

H E R E lieth the Body of *Jane Blade*,
Who was a Whore. Before she was a Maid.
An

An EPI T A P H.

DEATH is a Fisherman, the World we see
A Fish Pond is—and we the Fishes be :
He sometimes, Angler like, does with us play,
And slyly takes us one by one away.

W O M E N the best P O L I T I C I A N S.

ONE Night plump *Sue* and Coachman *Ned*,
A Bargain struck in Haste to wed ;
A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
To lose their Pledge, who first repented :
Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
To-morrow comes—*Ned* hangs an Arse.
Of bad the best poor *Suky* makes,
And, angry, claims his forfeit Stakes :
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worse Bargain to be freed.
Quoth he, “ thou’rt welcome on my Life ;
“ A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.”
The crafty Quean, who feign’d awhile,
Soon answered with a jeering Smile,
“ Ah ! Fool, ’tis well you first relented,
“ I’d lost—had you but seem’d contented ;
“ Gladly your Freedom I’ll restore,
“ One Shilling spend, and pocket four.”
Ladies, lay *Ovid*’s Rules apart,
In Love learn thriftier *Susan*’s Art.

An I R I S H L O V E - L E T T E R.

A RRAH, my Honey, my Dear, and my Jewel,
I love you far better than Noting at all ;
If ye resolve to remain always cruel,
By *Patrick*, I’m sure it will cost me a Fall.

Then

Then take me, my Sweet One, into your good Graces ;
 Be after consenting, I'll call you my Wife :
 I'll make you a Lady, to wear Silk and Laces,
 And ride in a Chair all the Days of your Life.

*A humorous Letter from the Rev. Mr. Abbot, to Mr.
 Tart at Birmingham, concerning some Locks, &c.
 which he had bought of him.*

PRAY, good Mr. Tart,
 Why are you so smart ?
 Your Bill I did not refuse ;
 But when it was brought,
 I complain'd of a Fault,
 Which was, that I wanted the Screws.
 The Devil a bit
 Did I see Mr. Pitt,
James Carpenter brought me the Bill ;
 And if *Pitt* wrote to you,
 What in Fact was not true,
 I must say that he did very ill.

Vulcanian Youth,
 This brings you the Truth,
 And with it I hope Satisfaction ;
 You know not the Man,
 If you say that I can
 Be guilty of a pitiful Action.

Perform but your Bargain,
 There's an end of all Jargon,
 Your Bill shall be paid to content ;
 And if you or your Brother,
 Do think any other,
 You'll think what never was meant.

Newport.

Yours, *Henry Abbot.*
 The

The A N S W E R.

MOST Reverend Debtor,
I received your Letter,
And immediately wrote for to know
What should be the Reason,
You han't in due Season,
The Screws which I sent long ago.

It's my Pleasure and Will
All that's just to fulfil,
You shall have what's your Due to a Mite ;
For I would not be thought,
For more than you bought,
To Screw a Man out of his Right.

And if my Epistle,
Was rough as a Thistle,
Pray pardon it, Reverend Sir ;
For I thought your Delay,
In not sending my Pay,
Very much stood in need of a Spur.

Then be not offended,
At what I intended,
For tho' your Muse be so bright ;
Yet *Vulcan* you'll find,
If he halts he's not blind,
But has Wisdom to look for his Right,

Bright Son of *Apollo*,
Your Maxim I follow,
To ask and give each Man his Due ;
For this I declare,
Is nothing but fair,
With *Mahometan*, *Christian*, or *Jew*.

P

Pray

Pray pardon my Verse,
 If they are not so Terse,
 As those Numbers your Muses impart ;
 I live by my Hammer,
 And you by your Grammar,
 So adieu, from your Friend *Thomas Tart.*

A LOVER's Complaint against TIME.

WHY, envious Time, will you now fly so fast ?
 When I'm from her, you never make such
 Haste.

When I'm with her, then Hours but Minutes are,
 But when from her, then every Hour's a Year :
 You have no Rule, you never equal go ;
 But always are too fast, or else too slow.

The DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID.

In medio tutissimus ibis.

HOW poorly your Projectors fare,
 That build their *Castles in the Air* !
 Still tow'ring on from Scheme to Scheme,
 They top *Olympus* in a Dream :
 But waking, find (Nineteen i' th' Score)
 Themselves far lower than before.
 Of these the Instances are many,
 And this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd on a Summer's Day,
 A Country Lass, as fresh as *May*,
 Deck'd in a wholesome Russet Gown,
 Was going to next Market Town.
 So blith her Looks, so simply clean,
 You'd take her for a *May-Day* Queen ;

Save,

Save, 'stead of Garland (says my Tale)
Her Head bore *Brindy's* loaded Pail.
As on her Way she pass'd along,
She hum'd the Fragments of a Song.
She did not hum for Want of Thought,
Quite pleas'd with what to Sale she brought ;
And reckon'd by her own Account,
When all was sold, the whole Amount.
Thus she—" In Time, this little Ware
" May turn to great Account, with Care.
" My Milk being sold for —so and so,
" I'll buy some Eggs as Markets go,
" And sett them—At the Time I fix
" These Eggs will bring as many Chicks :
" I'll spare no Pains to feed 'em well,
" They'll bring vast Profit when they sell :
" With this, I'll buy a little Pig,
" And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
" I'll sell it, whether Boar or Sow,
" And with the Money buy a Cow.
" This Cow will surely have a Calf,
" And there the Profit's Half in Half :
" Besides there's Butter, Milk and Cheese,
" To keep the Market when I please ;
" All which I'll sell, and buy a Farm,
" Then shall of Sweethearts have a Swarm.
" O ! then for Ribbands, Gloves, and Rings,
" Ay ! more than twenty pretty Things :
" One brings me this, another that,
" And I shall have—the Lord knows what !"

Fir'd with the Thoughts, the frantic Lass,
Of what was thus to come to pass,

Her Heart beat strong, she gave a Bound,
 And down came Milkpail on the Ground.
 Eggs, Fowls, Pig, Hog (ah ! well o' Day !)
 Cow, Calf, and Farm—all swam away.

The ARTFUL WIFE.

A TALE.

A Country Farmer, Saint, or Sinner,
 No Matter—ask'd the Priest to Dinner,
 And order'd *Nell*, his buxom Bride,
 Of Fowls a Couple to provide ;
 Her Flock of Poultry she survey'd,
 And instantly his Will obey'd.
 Early next Morn the Table spread,
 Knives, Forks, and Plates, in order laid :
 But mark, what haps 'twixt Lip and Cup,
 The Roast just ready to take up,
 In came a Neighbour big with Child,
 Who red'ned, lick'd her Lips, and smil'd,
 Curt'sy'd, then said, with plaintive Sigh,
 Ah *Nell* ! I certainly shall die !
 The Child within me kicks and jumps,
 My Heart against my Bodice thumps ;
 I tremble, faint, and long to eat
 A Limb of that delicious Meat.

The *Good-Wife* pitying her Condition,
 With Freedom granted her Petition ;
 Desir'd no longer she'd implore her,
 But drew the Fowls and set before her ;
 Of which, *Nan*, tho' no Glutton known,
 With Eagerness pick'd ev'ry Bone ;
 Then thank'd the Host, asham'd to stay,
 And well contented trip'd away.

Nell

Nell paus'd a while, and scratch'd her Head,
 At length in broken Accents said,
 " What's to be done ?——I'm here alone ! ——
 " The *Parson's* bit !——The Birds are flown !
 " My *Husband's* Anger much I fear—
 " And Dinner Time too, now draws near.
 " Hard Case !" Then rallied all her Wit,
 Remov'd the Dripping-Pan and Spit,
 Cover'd the Fragments in her Ire,
 And set the Dish down to the Fire.

Mean Time came in her loving Spouse,
 And wishly looking round the House,
 Says, what's become o'th' Pullets, *Nelly* ?
 Are all Things ready for the Belly ?
 She smiling answer'd, *Yes, my Dear,*
 To keep 'em warm, I put 'em there :
 You step up Stairs, change Shoes and Hose,
 And Shirt ; and d'on your *Sunday Cloaths,*
 For to be clean and neat, you know,
 Does most Respect to Strangers show ;
 Then to the Parlour take some Wood in,
 While I dish up the Beef and Pudding.
John, ignorant of all, comply'd.
 So far, so good, says *Nell*, aside ;
 Iv'e fob'd off one, without much Pother,
 Assist me, Art, to manage t'other !
 And if you'll with Attention mind,
 The Cream of all is left behind.

Before the *Farmer* was half dress'd,
 Enters the Door his *Rev'rend Guest*,
 Salutes the Host with Awe profound,
 Who blush'd and curt'sy'd to the Ground ;

Then slowly rose, panting for Breath,
 And cry'd, I'm frighted, Sir, to Death!
 For God's sake, say? On what Occasion
 You rais'd my *Husband's* Indignation?
 Who tretts. and stamps, and raves, and swears,
 He'll this Day cut off both your Ears;
 And I, determin'd to prevent him,
 Have on a sleeveless Errand sent him.
 Then, says the *Doctor*, I'll not stay,
 And in a Hurry budg'd away.

Things thus far answ'ring to her Wish,
Nell laugh'd——then hid the empty Dish,
 And bustling fast as she was able,
 Set Beef and Pudding on the Table.
 The *Parson* almost out of Sight
 She call'd down *John*, as in a Fright;
 Told him, the *Doctor* could not stay,
 But with him took the Fowls away.
John, to appease his Help-mate's Grief,
 Immediately pursu'd the Thief;
 And run, and flew along the Plain;
 But all his Efforts prov'd in vain.
 The fright'n'd *Priest* his Toil renew'd,
 And fled as fast as he pursu'd.

John almost tir'd, bemoan'd his Fate,
 And offer'd to capitulate;
 Call'd out amain, and begg'd for one:
 No, says the *Parson*, *I'll spare none.*
 On this, he sweating Home return'd,
 Stifled his Rage that inward burn'd,
 With seeming Ease, and feign'd Content,
 Sat down in Peace, to Dinner went;

And

The Merry Medley.

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And pitying *Nell* for Usage rough,
Tbank'd God, that he had Meat enough.

THE MORAL.

Vain Man! by every Passion tost,
No more superior Wisdom boast;
No more your Strength or Pow'r display,
Deluded, jilted, every Day.
To *Female* Charms, or *Female* Wit,
You all must yield, and all submit;
And from the *Cottage* to the *Crown*,
The *Farmer's Foible's* handed down.

A BULL SONG.

IN the Days of my Youth, I was sensible crazy,
And courted a Lass that was active and lazy;
Her Eyes were as Black as the Snow in *December*,
Her Teeth were as White as a Snow in *November*,
Oh! the lovely Sally Poker:

Oh! the lovely, &c.

The Skin of this aged young Girl was so Yellow,
'Twould conquer the Heart of any young Fellow;
Her Lips were as Red as a boil'd Piece of Mutton:
Her pretty wide Mouth was as round as a Button,

Oh! the lovely, &c.

Her white swelling Breasts were as flat as a Trencher,
As Fair as the Conscience of any old Wencher;
Her lovely thick Waist was surprizingly slender:
Her Hands were so hard they were supple and tender,

Oh! the lovely, &c.

With

With Transports I shut both my Eyes to behold her,
And thus all my Mind, in deep Silence I told her :

" I love you, my Dear, as a Thief does a Halter ;

" And, if you'll consent your Condition to alter,

" *Arrah, will I marry you, dear Sally Poker :*

" *Arrah, will I marry you," &c.*

The Jesuitical Painter : Or, A Match for the Devil.

A Vi&t'ler did once to a Painter repair,
To deck his old House with the Sign of a Bear ;
But to lessen Expence, thought it needless and vain
To bedeck *Bruin's* Back with a costly Gold Chain :
But the Knave so untemper'd his Colours did lay,
That the first Show'r of Rain wash'd his Tints quite
away.

My Landlord swore loud at the Man of the Brush,
That his Daubing deserv'd not the Skin of a Rush.

" Why, Friend," cry'd the Artist (a Master in
Cunning)

" Can a *Bear without Chains* be prevented from
" running ?

" You blame without Reason, all thoughtless and
" warm,

" Tho' your *Bear* has escap'd, here's no Matter of
" Harm."

" No Harm," quoth mine Host, " what to see, a
" Pox on it,

" A plain dangling Board, with no Picture upon
" it ?"

" Tush, tush," quoth arch Dry-Brush, " rave on
" 'till you burst,

" 'Tis as good, I'll aver, as when hung up at first :

" 'Tis

The Merry Medley.

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" 'Tis true there's no Picture, what then? ne'er
" repine :

" For your *Sign of a Bear*—you have here a
" *bare Sign.*"

The passionate Shepherd to his Nymph.

By Mr. William Shakespear.

From a very correct Copy.

L I V E with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasures prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,
And Groves, and craggy Mountains yields :
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By shallow Rivers, near whose Falls,
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.
There will I make a Bed of Roses,
With a Thousand fragrant Posies ;
A Cap of Flowers, besides a Kirtle,
Embroider'd all with Leaves of Myrtle.
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.
Fair lin'd Slippers for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold.
A Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,
With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs.
The Shepherd Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy Delight each *May Morning*.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

The

*The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd's Address.**By Mr. William Shakespear.*

IF that the World and Love were young,
 And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue,
These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
 Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
 When Rivers rage and Rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of Cares to come.
 The Flowers all fade, and wanton Fields
 To wayward Winter's Reckoning yields.
 A Honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
 Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
 Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,
 Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies;
 Some break, some wither, some forgotten,
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
 Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivy Buds,
 Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs;
All these in me no Means can move,
To come to thee and be thy Love.
 But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
 Had Joys no Date, nor Age no Need,
Then these Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy Love.

The COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

IWAS in the merry Month of *May*,
 All in a Field profusely gay,
 As I walk'd forth, I heard one say,
 Shall I, *Fuggy*—shall I—Ha?—

Dearest

Dearest Juggy, sweetest Juggy; tell me, pray,
Tell me whether I shall, or nay?

No truly, *Collin*, you must stay
'Till *Hymen* joins, then I'll obey
All and ev'ry Thing you say;
Then like Lambs we'll sport and play,
And with Kisses pass away
Ev'ry Night and ev'ry Day;
Therefore why should we delay,
To be happy while we may.

*To one that recommended SACK to a fat Man, to
make him lean.*

I Wonder'd much, my Friend, what you could
mean,
To say, that drinking Sack would make one lean,
But now, I find that I mistook you clean.
For th' other Day I met one who I know
Fear'd Fatness much, but he had ply'd Sack so,
That Faith, unless he lean'd, he could not go.
Excuse me then, for now I see your Meaning,
'Tho' Sack won't make one lean, 'twill make one
leaning.

An EPIGRAM.

THE Fair, the Wise, the Witty, and the Young,
Sink in the soft Captivity of Love;
Then all who yield not to a Pow'r so strong,
Nor Fair, nor Young, nor Wise, nor Witty prove.
If Love be Folly, this must be the Rule,
'The greatest Folly's—not to be a Fool.

An

An EPIGRAM.

IF Beauty be Fancy,
 I fancy your Beauty;
 Then prithee, dear *Nancy*,
 Accept of my Duty.

My Duty, dear *Nancy*,
 Accepts of thy Beauty;
 Then e'en let thy Fancy
 Accept of my Duty.

Accept of my Duty,
 And then, my dear *Nancy*,
 The Slaves of thy Beauty
 Will laugh at thy Fancy.

A N O T H E R.

YOUR Shoe is a neat one, dear Friend, I declare it—
 Yet you'd know where it pinches, if you were to wear it.

The REAL AFFLICTION.

DORIS, a Widow, past her Prime,
 Her Spouse long dead, her Wailing doubles:
 Her real Grievs increase by Time,
 And what abates, improves her Troubles.
 Those Pangs her prudent Hopes suppress'd,
 Impatient now she cannot smother:
 How should the helpless Woman rest?
 One's gone—nor can she get another.

F I N I S.

